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A NIGHT RIDE ON AN ICE-BOAT.*

THE earth is bound and the hills are bare,
Solemn and still is the midnight air,
Hushed is the hum of the little rills
As the shadows fall on the crested hills.

Up with the sails
And away with the breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

Away and away on the restless deep
Where the fathomless waters never sleep,
The sailor watches the starlit sky
And laughs as the ice-king frolics by.

Up with the sails
And away with the breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

Beyond the cliffs where the frost-gems cling,
Beyond the vales where the snow-birds sing,
In the beautiful land across the sea
The moon keeps watch enchantingly.

Up with the sails
And away with the breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

Silent and somber the trees look down,
Where the snow-capped hills hide many a town,
But only the stars with their diamond glance
Keep time and chime to the ice-boat's dance.

Up with the sails
And away with the breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

The polished steel, like a cimeter blade,
Reflects the flash of the shimmering glade,
And the whitened sails, like the wings of light,
Send back the breath of the voiceless night.

Up with the sails
And away with the breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

Cutting the air with the arrow beak
Under the shadow of many a peak,
Swifter and swifter the ice-boat flies,
Piloted on by the light of the skies.

Up with the sails
And away with the breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

Onward and onward, unmeasured by time,
On like the flow of a beautiful rhyme—
On like the echoes of fairy-bells—
On till the dimness the daylight foretells.

Up with the sails
And away with the breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

* Poughkeepsie, N. Y., February 16.—The ice-boats *Minnichaha*, *Snowflake*, and *Ice*, carrying twelve to fourteen gentlemen, left here to-day for Albany. The river between here and that city is covered with one continuous sheet of smooth ice; and the wind blowing fresh from the westward, the speed of the boats will surpass that of the cars on the Hudson River Railroad.

The sun from the sky looks down with a smile,
While the ice and the stars no longer beguile;
The track that was firm as the adamant hills
Is singing the song of the myriad rills.

Down with the sails
And farewell to the breeze!
Daylight and sunlight
And swift-flowing seas!

The river of life is ever a gleam,
And the bark of delight sweeps on like a dream;
But the sun that seems brightest for many a day
May take our fair vision for ever away!

Have ready the sails,
There may chance a good breeze!
Starlight and moonlight
And crystal seas!

CHARLES H. SWEETSER.

SEX AND SUFFRAGE.

ONE hundred and fifty women in Kansas have petitioned Congress to make them legal voters. Two school-girls in Massachusetts, at their quarterly exhibition, have been debating the social rights and wrongs of their sex. One lady in England has made a public speech during a parliamentary canvass. These are not astonishing statistics; and, meanwhile, there are millions of women in the United States and in England who, after the old fashion, nurse their children, order their households, knit, spin, and sew with no more interest in the conduct of purely political affairs than such as naturally arises from the interest of their husbands, or fathers, or brothers, or sons.

We have no admiration for the flimsy and threadbare stuff of amatory verses, for the pretty conceits and superfine compliments of the gallants of song, for the sensual, anacreontic inspiration which praises woman only as the finest of animals. But, upon the other hand, we submit that those persons who systematically depreciate the dignity of domestic pursuits, who sneer at faithful mothers as mere nursery-maids, and at devoted wives as the slaves of their husbands—who undervalue private virtues and speak contemptuously of a life devoted to homely duties, are themselves guilty of the grossest insult to woman. A man of a truly knightly nature, though he may think that she should not be forced to vote if she does not care to vote, will not clothe his thought in forms insulting to that sphere in which she moves with so much dignity and grace. He will not speak of wifely duties as if they were necessarily servile, nor of home as if it were a cloister or a penitentiary. A woman who adequately comprehends the unspeakable loveliness and responsibility of maternity, even though she may theoretically hold herself fit to share in political action, will not uphold her opinion by casting scorn upon the great office to which God himself has called her. Let come what changes may—let woman vote, and trade, and preach, lead armies or sail ships, argue at the bar or give judgment from the bench—yet, while homes exist, she can find away from them no duties loftier than those of the nursery and the fireside.

Again, it is too readily and rashly taken for granted that the exclusion of woman from the suffrage wholly excludes her from all influence upon public affairs. Upon this point we shall take the liberty of quoting the admirable views of a great French writer, who, had he but lived long enough or elsewhere than in France, would have achieved the highest honors of statesmanship. "I have," says M. de Tocqueville, "a hundred times in the course of my life seen weak men display real public virtue because they had beside them a wife who sustained them in this course, not by counseling this or that action in particular, but by exercising a fortifying influence on their views of duty

and ambition. Oftener still I have seen domestic influence operating to transform a man naturally generous and noble and unselfish into a cowardly, vulgar, and ambitious self-seeker, who thought of his country's affairs only to see how they could be turned to his own private comfort and advancement; and this simply by daily contact with an honest woman, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent."

There are two points from which this question of woman's suffrage may be considered. Assuming that every woman is happily married, as every woman should be, it is clear, if wives fully agree with their husbands, that the result of an extension to them of the voting privilege would amount simply to a multiplication of votes by two. It would be like doubling musical unisons without any addition to the body of the harmony. A man ardently interested in the canvass would certainly make sure that his wife voted—but he would also make sure that she voted upon his side. Nay, if he were caddled into voting upon hers, numerically the result would still be the same. Considered either way, there would be absolutely no extension of the suffrage so far as it is an expression of the public judgment. There would simply be more votes to count.

On the other hand, supposing a diversity of opinion to exist, and remembering that nothing more readily provokes animosity than political differences, if we were humorously capable and inclined, nothing would be easier than to draw a laughable picture of the breakfast-table dispute, the curtain lectures, and the curtain debates which must inevitably ensue. But we are ill-disposed to look at the comic side of such a contention. To us, were we compelled to witness it, it would seem simply tragic; nor has all the wit of the comedians ever reconciled us to the exhibition of such disputes upon the stage. For the solemn tie of marriage, if it be strong, is also delicate, and, like the continence upon which it is founded, must be absolute and dominant over the lives, the passions, and the actions of those who are united by it. Those who make domestic disputes a jest cannot have considered seriously their risk, cannot have looked into the dreadful abyss which they open, cannot have computed the heart-break, the remorse, and the ruin which they entail. The hand of a brutal husband is heavy enough already; why add to slavery of the person a new slavery of the mind? There are many excellent couples who would go to the ballot-box with one smile upon their faces, one preference in their hearts, and one ticket in their hands—who would read the debates in Congress with according minds, and harmoniously plump for the same candidate. But the man who hangs about the hustings, and who sells his vote in the market over the corner grocery, would merely have two votes to sell instead of one. Under such an arrangement political virtue would gain nothing, at least numerically, while political vice would make from five dollars and a glass of grog to ten dollars and two glasses of grog, as the prices ran. Now add to this the well-recognized propensity of the virtuous to avoid voting altogether, and we leave the reader to compute for himself how much would be gained to the cause of sound politics by the feminine extension in the absence of other and still more improbable changes.

It is usually assumed that a resolute demand for a concession of suffrage to woman would meet with a denial equally resolute; but until such a demand has been made by a majority or a respectable minority of the disfranchised, until we are satisfied that those who are to receive are anxious for the privilege, until the wish for change has attained a more peremptory

expression, it is unfair to complain of masculine indifference, and more unfair to impute a foregone and obstinate prejudice. It may be asked how any person can be expected faithfully and punctually to perform the duties of an elector when that person cares nothing for the privilege of voting and feels no uneasiness because deprived of it. It is probable that nine women out of ten have never thought upon the subject at all; and a larger proportion consider the whole matter as a jest, a whim, a crotchet about as important as "bloomerism," and less worthy, indeed, of serious discussion. Here and there, it is true, some lady complains that she is taxed without being represented, forgetting that in this democratic country there is no representation of property, and that the votes of those who are just not paupers may determine the taxes of the millionaire. The American man is the last who should be charged with the want of chivalrous feeling. He stands for hours in a railway carriage that women may sit. He surrenders the best benches in public assemblies for her accommodation. Upon every necessary occasion he is her volunteer champion and her protector from injustice and insult; but he cannot be expected to grant privileges which are not asked for, or to force political duties upon those who shrink or seem to shrink from their assumption.

The recent rebellion affords a fair illustration of the question. Every able-bodied citizen above or under a certain age was, in the eye of the law, a soldier, whether called to the camp or not. Government, in its last analysis, is physical force; but though there were many women who felt like fighting they were obliged to content themselves with quieter duties in the hospitals or the fancy-fairs. Suppose that one thousand ladies had asked to be enlisted, regimented, and placed under the command of women of their choice, and led to the gory field. The Secretary of War may be a gallant man, but he would only have smiled at the request. It is easy to argue that if it is proper for a man to fight it is proper for a woman, yet who is deceived by the fallacy?

Finally, we must be allowed to say for ourselves that we do not by any means regard these suggestions as conclusive. We are willing to treat the question as an open one, and to listen judicially to all that may be temperately, wisely, and logically said upon the other side. We make these limitations because we have had quite enough of passionate declamation, of gratuitous assumption, of feminine vehemence, and of superficial discussion. If we raise difficulties, we do so simply in the interests of truth and justice, cheerfully admitting, in conclusion, that a general demand for female suffrage will be the best possible proof both of its propriety and of its feasibility.

OUR FIRST TURKISH BATH.

WHEN the Turkish-bath-fever was at its summer heat; when every ill that flesh is heir to was professed to be curable by the steaming process; and when every fence, side-walk, and peripatetic sandwich boardman sparkled with their advertisements—in a moment of weakness we were seduced into the determination of taking a bath! Not, however, without sundry forebodings of evil—for, had we not read of Mohammedan cruelties, Russian bastinadoes, Spanish inquisitors, and German vehmgerichts—and why should not the Turkish bath turn out to be some vestige of Oriental barbarism sought to be introduced into this free and unshackled land of liberty? With grave suspicions and timorous resolutions, therefore, we started for one of these up-town institutions.

When we reached the door and raised the knocker, even then we debated the propriety of placing ourselves unreservedly at the mercy of a set of unbelievers, but the knocker slipped from our fingers, and, coming down with a bang like thunder, suddenly closed the debate, leaving us to our fate. The portals were unclosed by a real, live, sable janizary, who gazed upon us as a hungry lion would regard its first victim as he ushered us into the halls of Eblis, there to be flayed alive. After passing through a long and narrow corridor, the walls of which were lined with scarlet cloth—emblematical, we surmised, of the internal fires we were approaching—we were suddenly

ushered into a large hall, lighted with a dim religious light, inasmuch that we could distinguish nothing for several seconds, when, to our extreme horror, we discovered the slaughter-house was occupied by human bodies stretched out upon couches, each covered with a white sheet, having a white cotton night-cap on its head, and apparently waiting for the administration of the last rites of mortality. We shuddered at the prospect before us, and only experienced partial relief on discovering several of them smoking for life at three-inch cigars.

"This is the last scene of all," observed our attendant with an unction that made us shiver in our boots; "it is the drying-room after the bath." He then pointed to one of a number of little closets, wherein we were instructed to shuffle off our mortal clothes, and where, he added, "we would find our winding-sheet." The ghastly aspect of things generally did not reassure us. We nevertheless proceeded to denude ourselves of our every-day apparel, and, after bidding good-by to our clothes and donning the white sheet, we emerged from our cabinet in the garb of Cæsar's ghost, locked the door, and instinctively endeavored to pocket the key—an effort we found perfectly futile, having left our pants behind us! The attendant now motioned us towards a side door, which, when opened, emitted such bursts of unearthly sounds and blasts of hot air, we were at once reminded of the little side door spoken of in "Pilgrim's Progress," where into certain wicked folks were pushed, never to come out again; and, finally, we were ushered into the Turkish bath-room proper.

Our first impressions most certainly were that some infatuated baker had mistaken us for one of his loaves, and recklessly thrown us into his oven, there to undergo the process of baking and browning. A colored being, in the garb of a rude savage, seized first on our sheet, and then upon ourselves, and led us helplessly away like sheep to be slaughtered. The oven was built of red brick, surrounded with brick-built seats slightly elevated, in order that the victims might the easier behold the sufferings of their fellow-victims, who were laid out on marble slabs such as may be seen in fishmongers' shop-fronts, or surmounting the tombs in the Greenwood cemetery. Having speedily seated ourselves on the hot brick seats, and as speedily risen again in consequence of their unlooked-for warmth, we began to look about us. The hot air was stifling; the thermometer must have been over one hundred in these shades of Eblis; the perspiration was pouring out of every pore, and then we were coolly informed that this was only the preliminary oven to one in which the thermometer wickedly rose to the fabulous height of one hundred and sixty degrees! A couple of sable butchers were apparently committing the most unheard-of cruelties and experimental tortures upon a helpless victim on the marble slab before us, who lay like a lamb, bearing every agony with the most callous indifference. They pulled, one at either end, as if they meant to divide him into equal shares. They seized his arms and limbs, and twisted them about as if they meant to make a ten-inch rope; they stood on his body, and stamped upon him with their feet; they raised themselves by ropes suspended from the roof, and dropped down upon him like the clown in the circle when he bursts the inflated bladder; and finally, to our utter astonishment, indignation, and horror, they proceeded to systematically skin him alive!

At this critical moment we were laid hold of, unexpectedly, by one of the attendant flayers, and led unconsciously into a further oven, which proved to be that of one hundred and something degrees. At the entrance we received a terrific shock of icy cold water on our devoted head, which for the moment paralyzed us. The attendant, taking advantage of our speechless state, left us, carefully closing the oven door. The heat was so intense we could not see. The floor was so hot we could not stand. We were gradually melting away. We knew it and could not help ourselves, and finally we reached the utmost point of human endurance when we were rescued from our misery by the perspiring attendant, who led us back to whence we came.

We can recollect nothing of the horrors which ensued beyond a dim idea of being flayed alive, pulled in pieces, racked in every joint, twisted in every

direction, drenched alternately with boiling hot and freezing cold water, and finally rubbed down with a horse-brush and lacerated with a curry-comb until, at length leaving this Dante's "Inferno," we were led helplessly into the "last scene of all," where, to our infinite surprise and immense delight, we discovered that we had recrossed the Styx, regained Paradise, and, indulging ourselves in Oriental luxury, we reclined on floating clouds, smoked our perfumed chibouk, and drank endless cups of coffee.

REVIEWS.

MR. BANCROFT'S ORATION.

THE historical essay which (under the odd disguise of a funeral oration) Mr. George Bancroft last week delivered, at Washington, is one of the most compendious and excellent treatises yet extant on the political story of the Southern rebellion. Mr. Bancroft has, of course, like most other intelligent Americans, published a collection of "Miscellanies," including, doubtless, the usual "orations, lectures, and addresses on various occasions." But his chief fame rests upon an elaborate seven-volumed history of his native country—one of those venerated works which "no gentleman's library can be without," but which are popularly regarded with such sacred awe as to interfere with their use as mediums of instruction. Should all the buyers of Bancroft's dust-collecting tomes make honest confession, many, we fancy, would be found stuck at various points in floundering through; more, to have "paused upon the brink," and not one in ten to have worked out to the other bank. For these successful few, however, we have no increased respect (further than that which plucky endurance always inspires), because that massive history is an extremely dull and long-winded book, whose perpetual Icarus flights of "eloquence," though kindly designed to relieve the tedium of the narrative, only make it the drearier. Pompous, stilted, prosy, with much elaboration and little elegance, it is a book that makes one gape. It cannot be said that Bancroft's history fails to be careful in style, thorough in research, confident in tone, usually just in opinion, ornate in expression, but, with these and several other positive excellences, it vexes the reader all the more by its want of charm. When we do not dispute it we yawn over it, and sympathize with the honest criticism of poor *Sly* in the comedy:

Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter surely. Comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 'tis begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would 'twere done.

But the historian's speech at Washington is much better than his previous books and addresses. And it is not only better than we expected, but is the best, perhaps, of any of his compositions, being terse, vigorous, aggressive, and interesting, and not, like the history, frothy, florid, and commonplace. And though the author now and then, slipping back to inveterate habit, stalks with that old stage stride which is befitting, according to traditional ideas, the truly decorous historic muse, yet in general he puts off the high *cothurnus*, and moves at an unwontedly easy gait. Doubtless much of this improvement in his method of putting ideas is due to the enormous material which he had to master in two hours—a bulk under which most men would have staggered, but which he confidently grappled, and with considerable success. For, beginning with "God in history," and the germ of the American republic, he swept through our annals to the pending discussion on the Freedmen's Bureau, and paused only at that somewhat distant and indefinite point in the future when "the republic of Mexico must rise again." This comprehensive grasp of topic compelled a terseness, a French density of style, which, compared with Bancroft's history, seems almost epigrammatic. Now and then the old luxuriance of language and the galloping trope appear, as will be seen in the rapid glance we next propose to take at some literary points in the discourse; but, upon the whole, the oration is pitched in an unexpectedly low key.

The exordium, upon the interposition of Providence to direct national affairs, is the most elaborate and the finest portion of the oration, and reads easily

and well. The idea it illustrates, however, is not at all new, and Mr. Bancroft's method of stating the admitted truth might arouse theological controversy. In this and the succeeding paragraphs, on the growth of the American republic, one is pleased with the evident care bestowed on form of expression, chiefly regretting now and then that fault which Bancroft shares with many famous writers, of saying afterwards weakly what he has once said well. Occasionally, too, we find an obscure expression, as in the declaration that "when the hour strikes for a people or for mankind to pass into a new form of being," then even the unwilling "are compelled to bear forward the change, which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man." And, by the way, there is a very obvious, but of course unintentional, plagiarism from Burke in the whole idea of this exordium, and in both idea and words of several sentences. Burke says, in that famous passage which excited so much praise from Matthew Arnold:

"If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it—the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men."

Bancroft's expression of the same idea is:

"When the hour strikes for a people or for mankind to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity: an all-subduing influence prepares the mind of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence rather than with human devices."

Of course the entire opening of Mr. Bancroft's oration is palpably a reminiscence from Burke, and we need only to put such paragraphs as the preceding in juxtaposition to show the identity.

There is a scriptural style of metaphor, reminding one of the "New Gospel of Peace," about the succeeding figure of America's planting the "vine of liberty," whose "boughs were like the goodly cedars, and reached unto both oceans. The fame of this only daughter of freedom went out into all the lands of the earth; from her the human race drew hope." Mr. Bancroft, however, it must be admitted, gets down very deftly from this dangerous sierra in style to a concise and valuable summary of the opinions of the fathers on that grievous crop of evils which slavery was sowing for our generation to reap. He vigorously portrays the danger of that sentiment by which the Southerners of our day came to regard slavery not as the "sum of all villainies" but as a peculiarly good institution, good for the chattel and good for the owner. He puts an extended argument into the slaveholder's mouth, which ends—"the slavery of the black is good in itself; he shall serve the white man for ever." Upon which the orator, with a rather audacious prosody, adds: "And nature, which better understood the quality of fleeting interest and passion, laughed as it caught the echo 'man' and 'for ever!'" This unseemly cachinnation on the part of nature (if, indeed, an "it," as Mr. Bancroft asserts, can laugh) is somewhat startling. We feel reassured upon reflecting that it was not the slaveholder but Mr. Bancroft who made these remarks, and it was he, too, who artfully adjusted the objectionable "man" and "for ever" at the end of the speech, where they could produce a clear echo, and provoke that indecorous explosion of satirical nature.

There are several other noteworthy singularities of expression which it may be well to detach from their natural sequence, and present at once. When Mr. Bancroft comes to speak of the presidential election of 1860, he remarks that one of the old parties "did not make its appearance; the other reeled as it sought to preserve its position." It may be suggested that the metaphor borrowed from the "manly art," though good in its way, would be more racy if more technical. "Put in an appearance" is the authorized phrase of the P.R., and "toe the scratch" more professional than "preserve its position." In the same paragraph occurs another dubious phrase, in which, speaking of the failure of the herd of politicians who flourished in 1860 to save the Union, it is declared there was "no hope from those who were greater after the flesh"—which sounds like a plagiarism on Irving's description of the ancient Dutch magistrates of New Amsterdam, whose genius in statecraft was regarded as directly proportionate to their avoirdupois. Of Mr. Lincoln he observes that "his education was

altogether American." And then, getting on the buskins again, the orator declares:

"From day to day he lived the life of the American people—walked in its light, reasoned with its reason, thought with its power of thought, felt the beatings of its mighty heart, and so was in every way a child of nature, a child of the West, a child of America."

Have we not heard this before? Yes, it must be; it is surely a paraphrase from the distinguished Elijah Pogram: "Rough he is; so are our bars. Rude he is; so are our buffaloes. But he is the child of nature and the child of freedom, and his proud answer to the despot and tyrant is, that his bright home is in the setting sun." Again Mr. Bancroft remarks, a little lower, in the same strain:

"While states were madly flying from their orbit, and wise men knew not where to find counsel, this descendant of Quakers, this pupil of Bunyan, this child of the great West, was elected President of America."

He had before asserted, with that same favorite rhetorical figure which astonished Martin Chuzzlewit, that America was "the child of the ages," that she was the "only daughter of freedom," and that "thousands of years had passed away before she could be born." We wonder whether the minions of despotism in Europe will not feel "chawed up pretty small" when they see Mr. Bancroft soar?

A cynic might shake his head a little doubtfully at the description of the men of the North as "employing wealth less for ostentation than for developing the resources of their country." But there is so much truth in the whole paragraph to which is affixed the rather trite phrase of "uprising of the people" that we dislike to pause upon method of expression. Otherwise we might find a little commonplace in the description of farmers leaving "the charms of their rural life;" of mechanics who, trained on their benches "to feel their responsibility to their forefathers, their posterity, and mankind, went forth resolved that their dignity as a constituent part of this republic should not be impaired;" and of patriotic youth who, "with a fixed resolve to succeed, thronged round the President to support the wronged, the beautiful flag of the nation." It is rather more figurative, also, than literal to say of our war that "its principles and causes shook the politics of Europe to the center, and from Lisbon to Peking divided the governments of the world."

The least meritorious part of the address, in a literary point of view, is the extended comparison between Mr. Lincoln and Lord Palmerston. Historical parallels, indeed, form one of the most difficult species of literary composition. They require, for success, not only a close resemblance or contrast in essential points, but a peculiar skill in presenting them, as, for example, in the well-known comparison of the poetical genius of Pope and of Dryden. Now, such comparisons usually fail to stand the test of analysis. If a biographical parallel be run between two careers which contrast with or resemble each other only in external points, such as the year of birth or death of the heroes, their age, height, country, mode of life, or what not of personal characteristic, it sinks at once to the vulgar level of "curious coincidence." And, when models for valuable antithesis are sought, they are oftenest to be found among those personages whose external lives do not suggest a parallel. In the case of Palmerston and Lincoln there was obviously striking and exceedingly good material for historical study. It is not a new comparison, a London weekly—the *Saturday Review*, if we remember aright—having once pushed the interesting contrast to considerable length, while both the objects of discussion were alive and vigorous; but it was practically original, doubtless, to our orator. The parallel, however, seems to have been conducted rather shabbily. There were points of similarity to be touched, and points of opposition. The former were merely external and personal—of the sort, indeed, to which we have before alluded. Accordingly they have no value whatever, except to excite momentary curiosity, and so attract attention to the deeper lesson of the two lives. Mr. Bancroft does not use his material in this way, but mixes together trivial and important points, both of similarity and contrast, effectually spoiling the whole. He might have explained that, while in such and such respects the external positions or circumstances had an accidental resemblance, yet such and such principles or springs of action, or labor bestowed upon such

and such causes, produced the widest divergence in the issue of the two lives. Observing some of his points to be badly taken, many readers will conclude (with a portion of the daily press) that there is no ground for parallel at all. It may be added that there are some sentences so carelessly arranged or expressed as to furnish no clear-cut comparison whatever. For example:

"Palmerston was in public life for sixty years; Lincoln for but a tenth of that time. Palmerston was a skillful guide of an established aristocracy; Lincoln a leader, or rather a companion, of the people. Palmerston was self-possessed and adroit in reconciling the conflicting claims of the factions of the aristocracy; Lincoln, frank and ingenious, knew how to poise himself on the conflicting opinions of the people. Palmerston was capable of insolence towards the weak, quick to the sense of honor, not heedful of right; Lincoln rejected counsel given only as a matter of policy, and was not capable of being wilfully unjust. Palmerston, essentially superficial, delighted in banter and knew how to divert grave opposition by playful levity; Lincoln was a man of infinite jest on his lips, with saddest earnestness at his heart."

And, after more antithetic comparisons of character, we learn that "Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey by the order of his Queen, and was followed by the British aristocracy to his grave," while "Lincoln was followed by the sorrow of his country across the continent to his resting-place in the heart of the Mississippi Valley." There is evidently a good idea in this biographical comparison, but an idea not entirely worked up.

It should be remarked, however, that there is a very palpable decrease of finish in the oration as it approaches its close. While the early portions are polished *ad unguem*, the latter are not nearly as elaborate. Indeed, the paragraph which follows the parallel between Palmerston and Lincoln, and is labeled "conclusion," is very obviously not a peroration at all, but only the rough notes of one. For example, it begins queerly enough:

"As the sum of all, the hand of Lincoln raised the flag; the American people was the hero of the war; and, therefore, the result is a new era of republicanism. The disturbances in the country grew not out of anything republican, but out of slavery, which is a part of the system of hereditary wrong; and the expulsion of this domestic anomaly opens to the renovated nation a career of unthought-of dignity and glory."

The logic of the "therefore" which introduces so queer a conclusion from the two foregoing premises is not clear. What is "the system of hereditary wrong" whereof slavery is a part? The "expulsion of this domestic anomaly" is, as *Polonius* has it, "a vile phrase." Two lines further, and we are told that "the party for slavery and the party against slavery are no more, and are merged in the party of union and freedom in which the two others are merged." We had not heard of it, and would like to join. The next sentence declares "the states which would have left us are not brought back as conquered states," but "come to their rightful places." If they only "would have" left and did not go, how can they "come" again, how can they be "brought back?" However, this latter contradiction of terms is no more than is customary in every discussion of the question of "restoration." And, indeed, it is unnecessary to point out minute blemishes in the close of the speech, as it evidently did not enjoy sufficient time for elaboration. This portion, including the abrupt termination of the whole, will doubtless be revised and made equal in literary finish to the portions preceding.

Let us now return for a moment to our brief analysis of the address. We have already indicated how, from the somewhat occult and labyrinthine paths into which he plunges at the outset, Mr. Bancroft emerges to review the violent political discussions which preceded the shot fired across the bow of the *Star of the West*. One shrugs his shoulders a little at seeing in a funeral oration on Lincoln the head-lines "Squatter Sovereignty," "Dred Scott Decision," "Taney and Slave Races," put there in capitals before three successive paragraphs by the author himself, as if these were the dead whose obsequies he was conducting. We would not, however, be understood to object to the orator's views on these points. From beginning to end his political discussion is vigorous and masterly, and his logic is impregnable. This is an admirable part of the discourse, both for thought and expression. Nor do we understand that pretended charity which rebukes any castigation of the author of the Dred Scott decision. "Nothing but good of the dead" is an excellent motto for private sentiment, but a most dangerous one for public criticism. We wish, indeed, a man's

death could atone for all his official errors and disasters. But since it cannot, let us not rob the living of the lesson. Severe as is Mr. Bancroft's censure of the late chief-justice, it is as well merited as that which is launched against the living Buchanan, nor do we believe in the hypocritical deprecation of criticism which has been made in some quarters on this point. The propriety of political discussions at all on such an occasion is quite another question; though these topics were certainly more germane to the occasion than the Monroe doctrine and the English reform bill, on both of which latter points he made capital hits, and, as the actor's phrase goes, "got a hand."

However, with vigorous logic, Mr. Bancroft dashes aggressively along until, one-third of the speech being over, he revives attention by bringing forward an entirely new personage, one to whose existence hitherto not the remotest possible allusion has been made—Abraham Lincoln. The story of Mr. Lincoln's life which follows is so meager that one is involuntarily drawn away, even from these scanty facts, to speculate upon the amount of pruning and excision which got the biography into so narrow a compass. It is not long before he adroitly puts aside this unwelcome guest, and escapes again to the arena of politics; but not, however, to do the orator justice, until he has paid a fine tribute to the wonderful modesty, humility, singleness of aim, integrity of purpose, and faith in God and the people, with which Abraham Lincoln assumed and conducted the presidency. Escaping the unpleasantly tame task of eulogy again, Mr. Bancroft pitches into the "sage of Wheatland" with a force and fury which makes his review of Taney comparative praise. Leaping the ocean, he next reviews the course of England and her pirate ships, and of France in Mexico, with a severity which must have astonished the diplomatic representatives of those two countries, who were present by invitation and occupied prominent seats. The argument of Mr. Bancroft on the attitude and behavior of foreign countries is, like that upon slavery, perfectly impregnable, and so also, in the main, are his criticisms upon men and parties in those countries as in ours. But the bad taste of saying things so offensive to his invited guests is too obvious to require discussion. It was all very well for Baron Stoeckl to hear the laudation of Russia, as it would have been for some representative of Prince Kung to have received the compliment for China. It might have delighted the somewhat neglected Señor Romero (had he not, according to the reporters, been kept out by the incorruptible doorkeeper, after unhappily losing his ticket) to listen to the good word for Juarez. But the just and well-merited censure of England and France, while perhaps out of place in any "funeral oration," was certainly out of taste in that presence. Nor did it come very appropriately in immediate connection with Mr. Lincoln's name, since no little occasion was given for the recognition of rebel belligerency by his own honest, but not very skillful, conduct in proclaiming a "blockade" of the rebel ports, instead of a closing of them as ports of entry.

In due time, and after a fine tribute to the loyal people of the Union, which is an admirable specimen of historic sweep and condensation, the orator gets round again to his *bête noir* of Abraham Lincoln. This time he grasps his specific duty boldly, and finishes it all up, though necessarily in brief compass. The analysis he gives of Mr. Lincoln's character, though so dispassionate, so cold, even, as to be justly liable to the charge not only of want of hero worship, but of want of appreciation, and certainly of want of feeling, touches the main points of his character. It would be easy to criticise here in detail the estimate made by Mr. Bancroft; but, as it is evidently thoroughly thought out, we will not here quarrel with his opinion. There is one point, however, which Mr. Bancroft, in common with the rest of Mr. Lincoln's eulogists (if the historian can be included under such a designation), fails to touch. It is the late President's excellent knowledge and thorough appreciation of the constitutional law of the country. A careful investigation of this point satisfies us that no prominent politician of his time was better versed in the true meaning of the disputed questions arising under the Constitution. He had a truer interpretation than most

other men of the exact relation between state and nation, as his series of debates with Douglas amply testify. Indeed, a perusal of Mr. Lincoln's speeches on that occasion by our Congressmen might abbreviate the tentative speeches on reconstruction at least nine-tenths.

Of course, when Mr. Bancroft's glance was flung so widely over past and present it became a mere mathematical certainty that a very small fraction of his allotted time could be devoted to portraying the character and career of Abraham Lincoln. As, however, what he did say of him shows plainly that Mr. Bancroft's forte is by no means that of fervent hero worship, probably more on that subject from his pen might have been forced and tedious. Of course, if this production be an oration at all, it certainly is not a funeral oration. It is hardly even a biography, a personal eulogy, a criticism of character—certainly not a panegyric. It may be anything else—a treatise on diplomacy, a political thesis, a caustic article on England, Austria, and France, a castigation of Napoleon, Palmerston, Pius IX., a legal rejoinder to Taney, Buchanan, Lord Russell, a supplementary volume to Bancroft's "History of the United States"—and, in the latter case, as we have said, a far terser, less turgid, better written, more valuable portion than its predecessors, and a great deal better reading. Biographical orations, indeed, permit broad national settings for individual portraits, as—not to go far for illustration—in Everett's oration on Washington. But Mr. Bancroft's address is like those affairs in the print-shop windows, with an inch of canvas to a foot of frame. It is a "Hamlet" with the prince's part not cut out, indeed, but badly abbreviated. If it be a funeral oration, it is one made over the corpse of slavery, over the bier of secession, wherein we have bitter gibes, not tender memorials, and at which (as they did over Lincoln's death in Matamoras) one does not light funeral pyres, but bonfires of joy. For what it is, however, it will confer renown on its author, and is a valuable contribution to the history of the times. We especially commend the simple, single sentence in which the assassination is touched. No allusion is made to the name or character of the murderer. We are heartily sick of that purulent weekly-novel style of description which gloats over the horrors of the scene in Ford's Theater, and wastes the feeling in detestation of the wretched criminal which ought to be expended in love and admiration for Abraham Lincoln.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Wives and Daughters." A Novel by Mrs. Gaskell, with Illustrations. New York: Harper Brothers. 1866.

THIS story, though slightly complicated, can easily be told. Dr. Gibson, physician and surgeon at Hollingford, a widower, and the father of an only child, Miss Mary, finds one day to his surprise that she is fast growing into womanhood, and has already, though most unsuspectingly, become an object of affection to one of his medical pupils or apprentices, whom, according to the custom of his profession, he had taken into the family. Casting about for some means to protect his daughter from what was evidently a mere bit of boyish folly, yet which at any moment might work serious mischief, he concludes to send her on a visit to Mrs. Hamley, wife of Squire Hamley, of Hamley Hall, a beautiful but sickly lady, who had a motherly affection for Miss "Molly," and had been begging that she might be allowed to pass a few weeks with her, if only out of pure neighborliness and charity. When, however, Mr. Gibson had gotten the girl away, he saw clearly enough that he had effected only a temporary solution of the difficulty. Master Coxie still nursed his passion, spite of a rather caustic rebuke, and he could not well be dismissed home, since such a step would wound Major Coxie to the quick, and that officer was too close a friend to the village surgeon, and always too much harassed by money affairs, to justify giving him any preventable annoyance. Out of doubt Gibson cottage needed a mistress to keep things in order; but to seek for a housekeeper who should be in all respects adequate for the position was quite another matter from the obtaining one; and on the whole it appeared best to cut the Gordian knot by entangling himself in another not so easy to unloose. He must take

to himself a wife. So, with the promptness and sobriety suitable to a *mariage de convenance*, he woos and wins Mrs. Kilpatrick, governess in Cumnor Hall, and establishes her in the new home, much to "Molly's" dismay and pain, but quite to the new mother-in-law's content. Then follows the return of Cynthia Kilpatrick from her French boarding-school, and of Osborne and Roger Hamley from Cambridge, the latter visiting very frequently at the Gibsons, and Roger falling in love with Cynthia at first sight. Mrs. Hamley dies suddenly, her closing days rendered dreary by the misconduct of her favorite son Osborne, who did not obtain the honors that every one promised for him at the university, and had continued to embarrass himself in money difficulties. Osborne had, in fact, made a love-in-a-cottage marriage, which was costing him dearly, but which he dared not confide to his father. Poor Mary Gibson accidentally becomes possessed of this secret, as she does also of another between Cynthia and Mr. Preston, Lord Cumnor's land-agent, while the knowledge that her half-sister is playing fast and loose with Roger Hamley, who once befriended her at a time of sore need, adds its weight to her burdens. Up at the squire's things shape themselves from bad to worse. The younger son, who ends his course at Cambridge with a high reputation for scholarship, has gone to Africa on a scientific expedition in order to earn sufficient money to help his father out of the financial difficulties which Osborne's unaccountable expenses occasion. The latter, in trouble at home, troubled about his wife, who is hid away near Winchester, without the sympathy his nature craves, and without courage to explain his situation, dies suddenly of the heart disease; and, on the very night of his decease, his affrighted wife appears at Hamley with her baby boy. Roger, back from the equator, famous in the papers for his wonderful discoveries, all aglow with pent-up passion for Miss Kilpatrick, reaches Hollingford to find his father stunned with grief and Cynthia engaged to another lover, whom presently she marries. How he wakes from his delusion only to fall in love anew with the doctor's Mary, who had been through all the long and weary past the staunch and disinterested friend of him and his; how he cheers up the broken-hearted squire, and then is off again to Africa, most unwillingly but faithful to a hasty pledge, never daring for sheer shame to whisper his new-born affection to her who has become so dear to him;—all this the reader will find narrated in the book far better than we can give it. But the sequel will never be told. The hand of death has placed its cold interdict upon the closing chapters, and the imagination is left free to finish as it pleases. The editor of "Cornhill," in which magazine the novel originally appeared, assures us, however, that the little remaining to be added has been "distinctly reflected" in his mind. If the plain English of this phrase is that Mrs. Gaskell had intimated to him the final details of the plot, we may then be justified in adding what every one might reasonably suspect, that Roger Hamley, returning once more in safety to the old home, won and married Mary Gibson, as befitted his straightforward nature.

Imperfect and scanty as is this outline, no one familiar with the peculiar excellence of our author's writing but will perceive in it the presence of just those elements with which she most loved to deal, and in the treatment of which only George Eliot could excel her. Mary Gibson was clearly Mrs. Gaskell's favorite, and she omits nothing that is necessary for a perfect understanding of her character. A genuine, true-souled girl, loving her father with a rare, spontaneous affection, entering with simple-hearted feelings into the humble enjoyments of the villagers, and defending them bravely against the thoughtless but good-natured badinage of Lady Harriet; her sympathetic presence chastening with tender light the sadness of Hamley Hall, and supporting her father in the little domestic annoyances which the frivolousness and selfishness of her step-mother occasioned with a delicacy as exquisite as it was constant; her guileless heart upholding her amid suspicion and gossiping scandal, none the less painful because unjust; and her intense attraction toward Roger, so veiled in friendship that she was scarcely conscious of its true nature—displaying itself so pa-

thetically in the keen suffering which Cynthia's coquetry and flippancy produced. No one can help loving her; no one can forget her. Dr. Gibson is also admirably drawn, with his downright, earnest manner, his unsparing contempt for sham sentiment, his mastery over his temper, and his sturdy way of making the best of things. Though thoroughly original, there are some points in his character which suggest Thackeray's Warrington. Master Cox, with his calf-love, his sudden access of good-fortune which makes him an heir and a country squire, his return to Gibson cottage resolved to offer himself to his old flame, Mary, and ending the day by proposing to Cynthia instead, is a portrait affording a display of that quiet but not unkindly humor which is one of the peculiar excellences of the authoress of "Cranford." Then we have the second Mrs. Gibson, foolish, conventional, self-humoring, artful, and empty; Mr. Preston, vain, shallow, and futile in schemes, but not without justification for his persecution of Cynthia; Squire Hamley, good-hearted but wedded to his household gods, broken by misfortune, pitiful in his distress, a sort of discredited *Lear*—all woven with faithful hand into the texture of the plot. Osborne and Roger Hamley, with their dissimilar natures but beautiful brotherly affection, are examples of fine and subtle characterization. Next, however, to Mary Gibson the most careful study in the book is Cynthia Kilpatrick. To delineate a coquette in such a way as to be always just is a task far more difficult than it would seem, and this Mrs. Gaskell has marvelously succeeded in. As a piece of metaphysical analysis alone, it is a most notable performance.

On the whole we are inclined to agree with the editor of "Wives and Daughters" that, in point of artistic finish and harmony of development, it is the author's crowning work. Whatever task she bent herself to will always be found to bear the impress of faithful labor; but in her previous novels there is less of variety in subject and tone. "Mary Barton" and some of her minor tales exhibit great intensity; and "North and South" and the intimate, home-like sketch of "Cranford" are striking pictures of ordinary, commonplace scenes and people; but in the present novel these elements are fused into one, and we have, as a consequence, a story in which all her powers were in full and generous play.

"The Belton Estate: A Novel." By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1866. 8vo, pp. 140.

It was just about time to expect another novel from Mr. Trollope when "The Belton Estate" was put forth, a little in advance of its conclusion in "The Fortnightly Review." The new-comer is like nearly all of Mr. Trollope's stories—interesting in dull detail, with nothing of a plot, and with no incident other than that which arises in a quiet ordinary life. Perhaps one reason why the author's novels are so much liked is because there is nothing unusual in them. Everything moves on in its ordinary course and no exciting circumstances arise to be recorded. All there is is the mere detailed recital of a passage from the lives of a few very ordinary people. The reader is not painfully interested in the story, but listens to the easily-told tale calmly and without discomposing his temper or his feelings. For this reason these novels are very good as sedatives after the more exciting perusal of Dickens or Wilkie Collins. The young ladies in all of them are pretty and interesting; indeed, Mr. Trollope particularly excels in the portraiture of a lovely English girl. The elderly ladies even have a certain appearance of verisimilitude about them that renders them attractive. The men, however, are seldom well drawn. The ordinary, usual types are presented with some reality and strength, but a man of good mind presents a problem that Mr. Trollope has never been able to solve. All his attempts at exhibiting intellectual men have been failures.

"The Belton Estate" is one of the best of Mr. Trollope's recent novels. Not so long by half as most of them, no confusing underplot is put in to fill it out, and we have one simple story carefully and elaborately worked out. The plot is slight enough. Miss Clara Amedroz, a lady beyond the first blush of youth, has two suitors; she rejects the first to accept the second, breaks off the engagement, renews it to be ill-treated by his proud mother and find herself disenchanted,

breaks it again and rejects all further renewal, and marries the first lover. The Belton estate passes away from the Amedroz family on the death of Clara's father to Will Belton, the first lover, and there is a certain complication arising from his insisting on presenting it to her even after her engagement to Captain Aylmer is announced.

Miss Clara Amedroz is rather an interesting person, a little weak but with some good sense and a strong feeling of duty, with an obstinacy of character that makes her persist in any course to which her feelings have once impelled and committed her. This seems inconsistent with her variable course of love, but that was owing to circumstances which she could not control, and by which she was compelled to assert her own dignity by actions which were not only very natural but the only ones possible. Her weakness was her fancy of love for Captain Aylmer, who she knew all along never could make her happy and who only loved her in a forced way. But he was almost the only young man she had ever seen, and, like most young ladies living in comparative solitude, she had a high opinion of manly beauty and social station. To her a member of parliament was almost a demi-god, and it was but natural that she should worship him.

It needed Lady Aylmer's conduct to open her eyes. Lady Aylmer is one of the best of Mr. Trollope's creations. The whole account of her is splendid satire, and is the only thing we have ever seen that would give the slightest foundation to the dictum of some English critics who consider him as the successor of Thackeray. Lady Aylmer is indeed a character that we might have met with in "Vanity Fair," with her insolence, her overbearance, her politeness, her change of hair, and her use of her first or second best "front," according to the relative familiarity or coldness existing between her and her visitor.

In Captain Aylmer there is nothing that is positively bad. He considers it his duty to fall in love, and, with some slight partiality to the object of it, he endeavors to do so, and succeeds as a man does in such a case. He is not dishonorable, but as long as he is contented, he does not see why Miss Amedroz cannot be too, and he never suspects that her feelings to him may possibly be warmer than his. In fact, he thinks he won her too easily, and so regards his love as something to be bestowed, like doles of charity, in small parcels. He is a man who is frequently met with—polished, correct, and cold.

Will Belton is the finest character of the book. He is so cheery and so whole-souled that we must like him, and so we overlook his evident want of cultivation and his little freaks of jealousy and anger. We know that he is infinitely superior to his rival in everything but correctness of manner; that he really is more honorable; and we are glad at the end to have his love rewarded and see him happily married.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have just published a new edition of Prof. Childs's "Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspiration," containing about thirty more pieces than the original edition, now some three or four years old. These additions are mostly from the Rev. T. V. Fosbery's "Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering," a collection with which we are unacquainted, though Prof. Childs thinks it an excellent one, and intimates that it may suit the case of many pious and trustful persons better than his own. If so, it must be a choice collection, indeed, for we consider his one of the best ever made. Not that we think it faultless; for instance, we blame him for changing the titles of some of the poems which he quotes, and for copying others in part only. He does not change the language of his authors, he says, though there are phrases here and there which he does not approve. We suppose so; but then, as he is not called upon to approve, no great harm is done. "All the poems by American authors, excepting one anonymous piece, are here printed with the express permission of the lawful proprietors. Thanks are especially due to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for their liberality in this respect." The parade of "lawful proprietors" and "Messrs. Ticknor & Fields" in this instance strikes us rather oddly. Only three American authors are drawn from—Whittier, Longfellow, and Bryant—and one of these is not published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields;

as for their liberality in permitting Prof. Childs to copy a few verses from the first two, verses which have gone through the newspapers time out of mind, and are going still, for aught we know—why, we can't for the life of us see it. The sensible way of looking at the matter is, that the more a poet is quoted the more he is advertised, which is a good thing for his publisher as well as himself. If the poets of America object to going in selections of popular poetry we trust the compilers of such volumes will leave them out—a proceeding which would speedily bring some of them to their senses. Not to dwell upon this matter longer, let us copy a couple of stanzas by the Princess Amelia, who, in virtue of having written them, ranks, we suppose, among "royal and noble authors."

WERE THIS WORLD ONLY MADE FOR ME.

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung;
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.

Better is this little poem, which the index gives to Howells, who, we presume, is Mr. W. D. Howells, late of this city, but now of Boston:

A THANKSGIVING.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not unto evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our Thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude!

WHERE Shakespeare picked up his multifarious knowledge of the arts and professions has long been a puzzle with his commentators, one of whom maintains that he must have been a lawyer, or at least a lawyer's clerk, in his younger days; another, a school-master or usher; a third, a physician; and so on through the learned trades of his time. That he shows an astonishing knowledge of physics, and scholarship, and law, is certain, though, for that matter, it is no more astonishing than his knowledge of farming and of ship-craft. Where he obtained it we shall never know, much to our sorrow, since our ignorance in this particular is likely to make so many books in elucidation thereof, each one of which will leave us more ignorant than it found us. An addition to this special branch of Shakespeariana will soon be published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, under the title of "Shakespeare's Delineation of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide." The writer of this work is Dr. O. A. Kellogg, assistant physician of the Utica Insane Asylum. We are not familiar with Dr. Kellogg's "views," but we understand that he believes Shakespeare to have been the keeper of an insane asylum, or that he *might* have been the keeper of such a refuge for diseased wits, provided that an institution of the sort existed in his day, which, we presume, was the case. What proofs he brings in support of this theory, outside of the knowledge of insanity shown in Shakespeare's works, we are not informed, nor do we care to know in advance. Our own opinion is that the theory is as correct as that which makes Shakespeare a lawyer, or that which makes him a school-master; or even the tradition which Aubrey preserved that he was a butcher! If the "myriad-minded" bard were alive to-day, and would consent to fill the position, we would put him at the head of all the insane asylums in Christendom, with the understanding that he was to receive all his commentators as patients!

THE second new periodical about to be started here will be called, we understand, the "Metropolitan Magazine." Its proprietors and editors will be the Messrs. Church, of the *Army and Navy Journal*. We have not heard what ground they propose to occupy, nor who their contributors are to be. It is a little singular, by the way, that while our publishers are thinking of new enterprises of this nature, the English publishers are beginning to decline them. So, at least, we judge, from the fact that the "Temple Bar" has just changed hands, which would hardly have been the case had its former owners found it a paying concern. Originally started by Mr. George Augustus Sala, who was its first editor, and who did his best work for it, it passed editorially to the care of Mr. Yates—a literary man about town, chiefly known by having

been expelled the Garrick Club on the motion of Mr. Thackeray. The present owner of the "Temple Bar" is Bentley, the publisher; the price paid for it, £2,500.

If Congress, or the Internal Tax Department, or whatever red-tape bureau has to do with the matter, insists on demanding from our publishers the ten or fifteen heavy duties laid upon books, in their various stages of manufacture and sale, our publishers, in self-defense, will have their books made in England, as some of them, indeed, are now doing, and at much less rates than they can be made for here. We know of one house in this city that has ordered in London the manufacture of six large volumes, which, when finished, will complete the issue of a popular and well-known series of books. Other houses are having their stereotype plates made in England, and others in Canada. There is a risk in these matters, however, which ought to be taken into consideration, and that is the manifest inferiority of the English proof-readers, who, as a class, are not to be compared to ours. A case in point occurs to us in a volume of European travel, now passing through the printer's hands in London, the sheets of an edition of which were sent to this country, and found to contain one or two hundred errors of the press of the grossest description—errors of common phrases, in French, let us say; errors of grammar, such as an ordinary school-boy would not be likely to commit; errors of sense turned into nonsense; the whole being the result of careless and ignorant proof-reading, disgraceful alike to printer and publisher. That this is no uncommon case may be seen from the late squabble between Mr. Hazlitt, the author of "Sophie Laurie," and his publisher's "corrector of the press," who, Mr. Hazlitt claimed, made nonsense of his writing. Even the Pickering books, so prized by collectors, are full of blunders, though otherwise models of chaste and beautiful printing.

EDITIONS of Dickens are as plentiful as blackberries in this country, Mr. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, publishing some ten or a dozen; but no edition that we have ever seen will compare for a moment with the "Household Edition" of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, which now includes Dickens's last work, "Our Mutual Friend." It is perfect in everything except what is to many the specialty of the series—the illustrations of Mr. Darley, which we frankly confess to not liking. We admit that many of them are excellent *per se*, well conceived and gracefully executed, but they represent American rather than English life and character; or, rather, they represent Mr. Darley's ideas of the latter, which are not Dickens's, as we understand Dickens. Mr. Darley was at home in "Margaret" and "Rip Van Winkle" and Cooper, but he is quite at sea among the odd and fantastic creations of the great English humorist. For "Our Mutual Friend" itself, it is delightful, but not very satisfactory reading. It strengthens the impression which we have long entertained, that Dickens is not a novelist but a romancer, and one of remarkable genius, though in certain artistic qualities not to be compared with our own Hawthorne. He knows his strength, and sometimes uses it "like a giant;" but he does not appear to know his weakness, or he would have spared us the dreary chapters about the Veneerings and the Podsnaps and others of that ilk. The Boffins are genuine creations, but we doubt the *resemblance* of Wegg and Mr. Venus and little Jenny Wren. The Wilfers we have met before, under different names. We must not look, however, at this late day for much originality in Dickens, nor for any very accurate or consistent pictures of life. The novelist "holds the mirror up to nature," the romancer looks at it through many-colored spectacles which occasionally fit no eyes but his own. What Dickens is, above all the writers of his time out of verse, is a poet, and as such he should be judged. As a prose-poem, "Our Mutual Friend" is delicious.

FOREIGN.

MOXON'S "Miniature Poets," a series of poetical selections which is likely to become as popular in England as our "blue and gold" books are here, has just received a new if not very valuable accession in the shape of "A Selection from the Works of Martin Farquhar Tupper, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.," to which the great proverbial philosopher has furnished the following preface:

"It has occurred to me to request the famous poetical Sotil of Dover Street to authorize a selection from my various rhymes and rhythms in Moxon's Miniature series, and aware (as I needs must be by this time) that I have readers and friends in many nooks and corners of our habitable globe, I have done my best to fill this niche, and to answer my publishers' purpose as well as my own by grouping as a selection not alone several such poems as the world has been kind enough heretofore to mint-mark with its approbation, but also some that have been found fault with, and others that are quite new. A man who

has run the gantlet of so-called criticism fearlessly and successfully for well-nigh thirty years is not at this hour careful to catch vain praises or to escape from as vain censures. Let us all retain our opinions peaceably, and if any one will honestly judge an author, let him first read his works—the very last thing thought of by certain professional critics. Englishmen, however, of every class are, in the main, lovers of fair play, especially when all that is asked of them is an open field and no favor. To such I commend this beautifully printed volume as a mere book specimen worthy of the Elzevirs.

"Albury, Dec., 1865.

MARTIN F. TUPPER."

The modesty of this preface need not be pointed out, being as marked and positive as the excellence of Mr. Tupper's poetry, which numbers in England hundreds of thousands of readers. As a specimen of it—the poetry, not the modesty—we have seen nothing better than this piece, which Mr. Tupper christens

SLOTH.

"A little more sleep, a little more slumber,
A little more folding the hands to sleep,"
For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,
Over my mind are beginning to creep:
Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured
By your wild whispers, my fanciful train,
And, like a linnet, be carefully captured
In the soft nets of my beautiful brain.

Touch not these curtains! your hand will be tearing
Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things;
Call me not!—your cruel voice will be scaring
Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings:
Leave me, O leave me! for in your rude presence
Nothing of all my bright world can remain;
Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasure,
Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain!

Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,
Let me forget awhile trouble and strife;
Leave me to peace, let me husband enjoyment,
This is the heart and the marrow of life!
For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures
Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,
Lazily listening the musical measures
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain!

Hush, for the halo of calmness is spreading
Over my spirit as mild as a dove;
Hush, for the angel of comfort is shedding
Over my body his vial of love;
Hush, for new slumbers are over me stealing—
Thus would I court them again and again;
Hush, for my heart is intoxicated—reeling
In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain!

As no comment of ours could do justice to the subtle thought and exquisite feeling of poetry like this, we pass on to something different, which, like the strain heard by the poet in "Lycidas," "is of a higher mood." Here for example, is the second stanza of a poem called "Fons Parnassi."

"Ah! thou fairy fount of sweetness,
Well I wot how dear thou art
In thy purity and meekness
To my hot and thirsty heart,
When, with sympathetic fleetness,
I have raced from thought to thought,
And, array'd in maiden neatness,
By her natural taste well taught,
Thy young Naiad, thy Pieria,
My melodious Egeria,
Winsomely finds out my fancies
Frank as Sappho, as unsought—
And with innocent wife-like glances
Close beside my spirit dances,
As a sister Ariel ought—
Tripping at her wanton will,
With unpremeditated skill,
Like a gushing mountain rill,
Or a bright Bacchante, reeling
Through the flights of thought and feeling,
Half concealing, half revealing
Whatsoever of spirit's fire,
Beauty kindling with desire,
Can be caught in Words' attire;
Evoe! Fons Parnassi,
Fons ebric Parnassi."

"The unchastened mind," says the *Spectator*, "as yet uncultivated by Mr. Tupper's influence, will revolt against this, as the enemies of Wordsworth who composed the parody about 'naughty Nancy Lake' rebelled against his simplicity. But the dove of Mr. Tupper's muse will overcome them at last, and make them see the exquisite taste and feeling of 'an innocent wife-like' Egeria—how completely it rids us of any of the ambiguous feelings excited by the story of Numa and Egeria—an Egeria, too, who does not dance in Mr. Tupper's presence at all without having her sister with her. Even so, we may perhaps a little regret some of the last lines. We don't think 'an innocent wife-like' Egeria should have been at all like a Bacchante, even a Bacchante in 'words' attire, though we have no doubt that is a very respectable attire. We don't think the allusion quite in Mr. Tupper's ordinary tone. Still the innocent sweetness of the general conception is perhaps even enhanced by the slip."

VICTOR HUGO sent recently one of his friends a water-color drawing of an old house at Geneva, accompanied by the following note: "I was at Geneva in 1825, when the Rue des Dômes existed. It has since been stupidly

demolished; I have saved this house. It was in wood; it is now, alas! only in paper."

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started in England for Mrs. J. Stanyan Bigg, the widow of a young versifier who published, some years ago, a long poem in blank-verse entitled "Night and the Soul." As far as our recollection of this production goes, it was like the early writing of Alexander Smith and "Festus" Bailey.

THE fourth and final series of the "Recollections" of the late Captain Gronow abounds in anecdotes of dandies and men about town of forty or fifty years ago. One of the most noted of these was Lord Alvaney, who inherited an estate of £8,000 a year, but was so faithless to his trust that when his brother and successor came into it, he found three-quarters of it squandered. Alvaney made out a list of his debts once, and forgot a little item of £50,000. "How much did you give for that mare?" asked Johnny Armstrong of him. "Well," said my lord, in his pleasant, off-handed way, "I owe Miller three hundred guineas for her!" Jack Talbot, Alvaney's best friend, used to take a bottle of sherry at breakfast, because he was always drunk at night, and it did him good. Jack's doctor told Alvaney that he must use the lancet. "You'd better tap him, doctor," said Alvaney, "Jack has less blood in him than claret." He was sitting one day, was Alvaney, at a table the host of which kept his guests hungry while he directed attention to the gilt cornices of his dining-room; "We have had enough of your gilding," said Alvaney, "let us now have some of your carving."

THAT Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" as a kind of political satire on the Duke of Lerma has often been suspected, and some recent discoveries made in Venice by Mr. Rawdon Brown are said to raise this suspicion to the rank of a literary fact. His direct discoveries having given him the clue to the inner meaning of the romance, Mr. Brown has devised a key of the characters, by which many obscure parts of the satire are brought into a new light.

THE sums realized for their productions by French writers is the subject of a column of interesting gossip in the last number of the *Athenæum*. Beginning with the older poets, who, of course, were rather ill-paid, Racine is said to have sold "Le Lutrin" for 600 francs, and to have received only 200 francs for the manuscript of "Andromaque;" Diderot 600 for his "Pensées Philosophiques;" while Letourneur got only 400 francs for his translation of Young's "Night Thoughts," which made the publisher's fortune, and Rousseau got 6,000 francs for the manuscript of "Emile," really a large sum for the period; but Delille received only 400 francs for his translation of the "Georgics." Bernardin de Saint-Pierre sold his first work, the "Voyage à l'Île de France," for 1,000 francs, about the same time that Goldsmith got half as much again for one of the first romances ever penned in any country. Coming down to more recent days it appears that the *Constitutionnel* newspaper paid Eugène Sue 100,000 francs for the "Juif Errant," in ten volumes, and the *Débats* 160,000 francs for the "Mystères de Paris," and it was thought marvelous that Dumas, Sue, and others should obtain a shilling a line for their contributions to the *feuilletons* of the journals. The other day a new system of payment was hit upon, Alexandre Dumas receiving two centimes per letter for his "Sans Felice," published in *La Presse*, or about sevenpence a line. Frédéric Soulié, for the "Mémoires du Diable," which made his reputation, received 50,000 francs. George Sand wrote her first novel in conjunction with Jules Sandeau, and the two received 400 francs between them for their work; "Indiana," by the lady alone, was sold for 1,000 francs; now the "Revue des Deux Mondes" pays her 500 francs a sheet for her contributions. In 1823 Victor Hugo's romance of "Hans d'Islande" only gained him 300 francs; "Les Misérables" has already produced him more than a thousand times that sum. It is said that the publisher of the "Mémoires de Thérèse" has made about 20,000 francs by that very popular and refined production! The position of a popular dramatic author in France is regal; his rights, established in 1653, bear magnificent fruit. Scribe left a fortune of 4,000,000 francs, having commenced by making just five pounds by his first work. At the Grand Opéra a sum of 500 francs is divided nightly between the composer and librettist; at the Opéra Comique the author receives one-eighth and a half of the gross receipts for a piece of three acts, one-sixth and a half for two, and one-sixth for one act; at the Français he receives fifteen per cent. of the proceeds when his piece occupies the whole evening, and so on in proportion; the Odéon allots twelve per cent. in like manner. The principal minor theaters give ten per cent., and at the Châtelet, which makes the largest receipts, the author's portion has often amounted to 1,000 francs a night; the little theaters in

the outskirts of Paris pay 12, 22, and 30 francs each evening for pieces of one, two, or three acts respectively; lastly, the provincial theaters are divided into five classes, the first paying 40 or 50 francs, and the last 3 or 4 francs per night. There are in Paris at the present moment four operas, two imperial theaters, seven vaudeville and *genre* theaters, twelve minor houses of all kinds, three equestrian theaters, and six or seven small theaters in the *banlieue*, making in all thirty-five, so that dramatic authors have a wide field, and they do not neglect its cultivation. Authors of reputation obtain premiums in addition to the above *droits d'auteur*; and, moreover, often make a considerable sum by the sale of the manuscript to a publisher. Alexandre Dumas is said to have received 11,000 francs for his "Mariage sous Louis XV." in premiums alone, and each piece of M. Sardou is said to produce him on an average, all included, about 80,000 francs. Some fairy pieces have produced sums almost as fabulous as their plots; "Rothomago" is said to have yielded its author nearly 100,000 francs, and the "Pied de Mouton" more than that amount.

QUITE as interesting a paragraph might be written concerning the sums which English writers receive for their writings, beginning with the famous five pounds of Milton, and ending with Mr. Anthony Trollope, who seems determined never to end—while he can find readers. We know the large sums realized by Byron for his poems, and by Scott for his poems and novels; but they are cast in the shade, we are inclined to think, by those received by some three or four living authors. A romance like "Our Mutual Friend" must net Mr. Dickens from five to ten thousand pounds. Mrs. Lewes, *alias* Miss Evans, *alias* "George Eliot," was said to have been paid five thousand pounds for writing "Romola" for the "Cornhill," and Mr. Trollope is said to get three thousand pounds for his novels. He received one thousand pounds for one which he wrote for some of the magazines published by Messrs. Strahan & Co., who couldn't use it when they got it, which was paying him one thousand pounds for nothing. Tennyson has received a guinea a line for poetry in the "Cornhill," which was a great deal more than even his name was worth to it, for if there is anything that he cannot do it is to write poetry to order. Altogether, it seems to be a good thing just now to be a popular writer, particularly in France and England. Even in America it pays, as may be seen by the estates purchased and houses built by Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, and, *longo intervallo*, Dr. J. G. Holland.

A CURIOUS poetical tract, originally printed in the early part of the last century, has just been reprinted in London, from the only perfect copy known to exist. The title is: "A Vade-Mecum for Malt-Worms; or, a Guide to Good Fellows. Being a description of the Manners and Customs of the most Eminent Publick Houses in and about the Cities of London and Westminster. With a Hint on the Props (or Principal Customers) of each House. It is a Method so plain that any Thirsty Person (of the meanest capacity) may easily find the nearest Way from one House to another." It is illustrated with hideous wood-cuts of the London taverns of the period; the poetry, however, is of no value, except to the London antiquary.

A NEW name has been added to the list of early English authors—Adam, of Cobsam, whose only known production, a short *fabliau*, or tale, has just been printed for the Early English Text Society, and named by its editor, Mr. Furnivall, "The Wright's Chaste Wife." It is "a merry tale" of a carpenter's spouse who preserved her virtue from the temptations of lord, steward, and proctor, and kept their money; and, while she let them through a trap-door into a closed chamber, made them beat and spin her flax and hemp to earn their dinners.

THE report that Mr. Robert Buchanan is the editor of the "Argosy Magazine" is contradicted by himself.

MR. FREDERICK LOCKYER, one of the most minor of the English singers of the day, is collecting materials for a volume of *vers de société* by English writers. It will hardly go back beyond Lady Mary Wortley, and its most valuable portion will probably be that set apart for Præd, the most graceful poet of the kind that England has yet produced.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" will have an organ in Paris, a journal devoted to them being announced under the title of the *Columbine*. It is to have two editors, Mlle. Suzanne Lagier and Mme. des Chabrilan.

THE English translation of the Emperor Napoleon's "Vie de Jules César" has been a commercial success, so much so that its publishers have forwarded to the agents of the Emperor a sum considerably beyond the amount originally agreed upon for the exclusive right of transla-

tion into English. The translation of the second volume is rapidly approaching completion, the final proofs of the original being revised by the Emperor. It will be illustrated with thirty-two maps, and may be looked for about the middle of March.

PERSONAL.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR's new novel, which is on the eve of publication, is entitled "The Story of Kennett," the village in which the chief scenes are laid. It is in Chester county, Pennsylvania, a pastoral, lovely region not unlike Warwickshire, England. The time of the novel is about the beginning of the present century. Mr. Taylor was born at Kennett, where he has a country seat which he calls Cedarcroft. His winter residence, when not on a lecturing tour, is generally in New York.

"E. FOXTON," the author of "Herman; or, Young Knighthood," made her *début* in letters in the pages of the "Union Magazine," through a poem of some length entitled "The Mandrake; or, Alice's Bridal." The present writer read it in manuscript and advised its publication. It was a ballad, or nearly so, and portions of it were quite spirited.

MR. G. H. KINGSLEY, M.D., another member of the Kingsley family, who are already numerous enough in letters, has recently edited Thynne's animadversions on Speight's Chaucer, for the Early English Text Society, in a novel and frisky manner, hardly in keeping with the old-fashioned gravity of his author, and with but a scanty share of erudition.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY has a new novel in the press, entitled "Greatheart: a Story of Modern Life."

M. VICTOR HUGO's new book, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," is in the press at Brussels. The first volume is already printed, and M. Paul Meurice, who superintended the publication in Paris of the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," is to perform the same office for "Les Travailleurs."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your last number you say that Sheridan's "Critic" has not been produced in this country within your recollection. If my memory is not at fault, the "Critic" was produced at the now Winter Garden theater during Charles Mathews's last visit to this city—the principal characters being played by Charles Mathews, John Brougham, and Lizzie Weston Davenport. A circumstance which impressed it upon my mind was the fact that the next day (Sunday) Charles Mathews married Mrs. Davenport, she having just obtained a divorce from her husband. If I am wrong in this statement, please correct me. Yours truly, ARSHIR.

INACCURACIES OF WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Your Boston correspondent seems to me a good deal more nice than wise in his comments on the words "purpose" and "propose" in your last issue. If he will turn to his Latin dictionary he will find "to purpose, design, determine" prominent among the meanings of the Latin verb *proponere*: "Cum id mihi propositum initio non fuerat," says Cæsar; "Propositum est mihi hoc facere," says Cicero. The noun "propositum" is good Latin for a purpose. The word purpose itself is, indeed, only the same word come round to us slightly changed through the French—*pourposer*, *proposer*. I submit, Mr. Editor, that the difference is so slight that no good object is attained by that purism (may I use De Quincey's noun?) which would keep up a distinction between them, and that Dr. Palfrey and your humble servant were entirely justified by general usage in employing the word, as is done in the Latin, too, with the suppression of the pronoun. "I propose" means I propose to myself understood, as when Cæsar says, "Consecutus id quod animo (sibi) proposuerat."

Certainly there are vulgarisms in colloquial discourse which should be hunted down whenever they attempt to creep into literature; and, as a matter of taste, there is often a choice between two forms of expression, both of which are supported by good usage. I sympathize with your correspondent in his remarks respecting "begin" and "commence;" and surely, while we have so good a Saxon word as "trustworthy," we have no need of "reliable," though the word is good enough, and Worcester's argument simply absurd. We are all too careless in respect to verbal niceties, Mr. Editor, especially when, in

writing, we are too earnest about the substance to think enough of the form of what we write; and we ought to be thankful and take heed to our ways when we remember that there are sharp-eyed verbal critics, like your correspondent, who will be after us if we make a slip. But there is also a foppiness in the matter of writing, like that of the old Latin writers who would use no word in their "compositions"—fitly so named—which was not to be found in Cicero, no matter how many might be the new thoughts to be expressed. Language is not a dead, unchanging thing, but the ever-living, ever-growing product of the human intellect; and I recommend to your correspondent's consideration the argument by which Mr. Latham supports his paradoxical opinion that, in language, whatever is, is right.

Your obedient servant, W. P. A.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 11, 1866.

"THE GREASE OF GREECE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: One of my friends wants to know the name and vender of that particular "hair restorative" which I have commended to the public. Although she lacks at least twenty years of an interested personal motive, her anxiety seemed to be genuine, and I hope you will hasten to relieve it. Other friends are making similar inquiries, and I fear I shall need something more than a hair restorative if I am to be inundated with so many neighborly solicitudes. I begin to think that the world is moved by a hair spring.

I beg you will at once name the "restorative" that has my indorsement, and send the proprietor a good round bill for advertising. He can afford to pay it, for he has meanly kept back all reward for the commendation you speak of; his "restorative" is already in such brisk demand that he will soon be rolling in wealth, if not sent to Congress. To be candid with you, MR. ROUND TABLE, I am myself, as a woman would phrase it, dying to know all about this wonderful "restorative." Of course it must be something classic in its nature, as well as Greek in its name.

"Tis Greece, and living Greece once more!"

But prithee, MR. ROUND TABLE, what kind of grease? Is it "the balmy oil" that restored the youthful beauty of Homer's shipwrecked hero, when

"The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarged and air divine;
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls."

Is it the *typhar* *ultrap* for which Theocritus and the four times sixty bridesmaids of Spartan Helen, with hyacinth in their tresses, volunteer a first-class puff?

"Of lotuses we'll hang thee many a wreath
Upon the shady plane, and drop beneath
Oil from the silver pyx: and on the bark,
In Doric, shall be graven for all to mark,
'To me pay honor—I am Helen's tree.'"

Don't laugh, MR. ROUND TABLE, or turn away in disgust, if I mention hog's lard. Kiessling might ask with a straight face if it isn't the gravy that flowed from the passionate wild boar that killed Adonis "in the fever of his blood," and then, seized with remorse, threw himself on the funeral pyre of Cytherea's lover? Or is it prize oil from the sacred olives of the academy? Or is it (as one may fondly hope) the royal chrism from the palace of Agamemnon, that coaxes back the shining locks of youth "with the guileless persuasions of pure unguent?" Can it be that modern pharmacy has reproduced the baffled restorative with which Æschylus was treating his bald head (at the suggestion, no doubt, of King Hiero) when that inconsiderate eagle let fall the unwilling tortoise and dashed out the poet's brains, already six months gone with a new trilogy? If it isn't that, pray what is it? Do tell Mrs. Grundy all about it. Tell her, too, that I have all the hair I want, such as it is, and I hope this may find you in the enjoyment of the same blessing, provided you stick to the truth and shame your friends with that, if they need shaming. E. N.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—War of the Rebellion. By Henry S. Foote. 1866. Pp. 440.
Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. By Professor John C. Draper, M.D. 1866. Pp. 300.
Wives and Daughters. By Mrs. Gaskell. 1866. Pp. 258.
F. A. BRADY, New York.—The Queen's Revenge. By Wilkie Collins. 1866. Pp. 225.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Literature in Letters; or, Manners, Art, Criticism, Biography, History, and Morals, illustrated in the Correspondence of Eminent Persons. Edited by James P. Holcombe, LL.D. 1866. Pp. 533.
PAMPHLETS.
Memorial of Gerard Hallock. By J. Halsted Carroll. 1866. Pp. 79.
Memorial Service for Three Hundred Thousand Union Soldiers, with the Commemorative Discourse by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D. 1866. Pp. 38.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

THE conductors of THE ROUND TABLE, deeply impressed with the need of an international copyright law between the United States and Great Britain, have, at the risk of being deemed presumptuous, undertaken to bring the matter before Congress during its present session, with the view of securing, if possible, its prompt action upon the subject. To this end the following circular note and accompanying petition were addressed last week to the leading authors and publishers throughout the country:

OFFICE OF THE ROUND TABLE.
New York, February 14, 1866.

DEAR SIR: We invite your special attention to the inclosed petition to Congress for action in regard to an INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

Believing it to be high time that such a measure should be adopted for the protection of publishers and authors, we are soliciting the signatures of persons throughout the country who are interested in American letters.

Will you please add your indorsement to the paper, together with that of as many of your literary acquaintances as you may be able to communicate with, and re-mail it to the office as soon as possible, that we may take the petition to Washington, and urge the matter upon Congress during the present session?

We remain, very truly yours,
H. E. & C. H. SWEETSER.

PETITION TO CONGRESS.

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, do most respectfully represent to your honorable bodies that the true interests of American literature demand the adoption of an International Copyright Law by this government and that of Great Britain, and do pray that you will enact such measure or measures as will secure at the earliest possible day the consideration of such a law by the two governments herein mentioned. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc.

Copies of this petition, as has been stated, have been sent to prominent writers and publishers in the country; if, however, any have been overlooked—and it is quite possible that some may have been—we trust that they will notify us at once, so that we may obtain their help in the work of securing the passage by Congress of an international copyright law. Already a large number of signatures to the petition have been obtained, including names of leading authors and publishing-houses in the United States, though, at the present writing, less than a week has intervened since the circulars were sent from this office. Such of these names as we have the space for we intend to print in our next issue, that it may be seen who the persons are that have taken an interest in this matter of such vital importance to the true interests of American literature.

We have but one explanation to offer for our undertaking this matter instead of waiting for others more directly and pecuniarily interested in it than ourselves, and that is, *there must be no further delay*. It seemed to be necessary that some person or persons should take the subject in hand, and as its importance has impressed us, as conductors of a literary paper, we have ventured to head the movement, resolved to bring it to a successful issue if possible.

The necessity for an international copyright law is almost too apparent to require explanation. The time was when there were ten works of merit published in

England to one in this country; when it may have been a positive advantage to us to obtain reprints of them at the mere cost of printing and binding, irrespective of the price paid to the author. But that day is past. We have now a literature of our own. The United States can point with honorable pride to native historians, poets, theologians, essayists, novelists, and humorists, the reprints of whose works command large sales in Great Britain. These writers have a right to a share in the sale of their works in other countries as well as in their own. The publisher, too, who incurs the pecuniary risk of publication has a right to claim an interest in every volume which first came from the press with his imprint. Under the present system, however, American publishers and authors are at the mercy of any English bookseller who may choose to reprint their books. Equally true is this of British authors and publishers. When books could be made more cheaply in this country than in Great Britain reprints of English publications could be sold in the United States at a price lower than that of the original edition in England. The result was that such reprints became very common, and frequently obtained very large sales without a cent of the profits accruing from them finding its way into the pockets of the authors, who certainly deserved to have some portion thereof. Of late years this injustice has been partially remedied by paying English authors for advance sheets of their forthcoming works, that they might be published simultaneously in this country and England. A little justice is certainly better than none at all, but it is nothing to boast of. Just now, too, this license for literary theft (for it is nothing less than theft) is beginning to affect our own writers and publishers. American works are daily reprinted in England, and at a less cost than the original publications; and, more than this, these reprints can be imported in this country and sold at a lower price than the works as originally issued here. Thus the relative positions of America and England are to-day the reverse of what they were a few years since. Is it not plain, therefore, that an international copyright law between the United States and Great Britain is a positive necessity?

Another consideration should not be overlooked. An international copyright law would largely increase the number of readers of every work copyrighted under its provisions. The American author who writes a book and the publisher who places his imprint upon it can count only upon American readers. Should it be "pirated" (to use the language of the craft) by a foreign bookseller, neither publisher nor author gains one cent thereby; and almost the only chance of its reaching a foreign public is by means of such "pirating." Were an international copyright law in force, however, the book would be introduced abroad simultaneously with its appearance here, and thus the audience of the writer would be doubled, to say nothing of the increase of remuneration for his labor.

Enough has been said for the present, it would seem, to show the justice and the necessity of an international copyright law between the United States and Great Britain. We hope that every man and woman who cares aught for the interests of American literature will use his or her influence to effect the adoption of such a law. Let Congress know that the people are in earnest about this matter. And, then, let the people see whether an American Congress will refuse to do justice to American authors and publishers.

THE career of the democratic party in this city and of the republican party at Albany, shows that it

is a grave public misfortune when the voters are overwhelmingly on one or the other side. The stupidity and corruption of the leaders of the political majority in this city is literally amazing. The wonder is that an outbreak of popular wrath has not long ere this led to the formation of vigilance committees to wreak summary vengeance upon the Booles, Farleys, Tweeds, Joneses, Cornells, Woods, and others who have profited at the expense of the public. These men have done worse than simply steal—they have made municipal government discreditable. Were it not for their crimes, and those like them, we would never see commissions appointed to relieve the citizens of New York of the duty and responsibility of taking care of themselves. When it is universally conceded that the American people are unfit for local self-government, the mission of the republic is ended and the nation becomes autocratic or monarchical.

But the most indefensible and contemptible of all governments is that of a faction of a minority, such as has obtained control in the new Health Board. We cannot but believe that the republicans as a party will have occasion to regret having allowed a taste for public plunder to put them in so false a position before the bar of public opinion.

PROFANITY IN HIGH PLACES.

THE vice of common swearing is undoubtedly less prevalent in our days than it was half a century ago. Oaths have certainly ceased to form a part of fashionable conversation among educated people, though they may still too often be heard in bar-rooms or on the streets. But another sort of profanity has become fearfully in vogue of late years. We refer to the application of the most sacred texts of the Bible to the commonest secular topics, and even the employment of language which has been consecrated to the commemoration of the Saviour of mankind in connection with some popular favorite of the hour.

Some notable instances of this sort of profanity may be remembered as having occurred in Massachusetts not many years ago. When a certain senator from that state returned home, and was received with enthusiastic demonstrations, after the brutal assault which had been made on him in Washington, a distinguished clergyman is said to have taken for his text: "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way," and then to have instituted a formal comparison between the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, before his crucifixion, and the entry of the senator into Boston after his scourging. Again, when Burns, the fugitive slave, was the subject of that long controversy before the commissioner in Boston which terminated in his being surrendered to his master, another clergyman of a neighboring city, we believe, preached an elaborate discourse, in which the trial of Burns was likened to that of Jesus, and the surrender of the fugitive negro made of hardly inferior importance to the delivery of the Saviour to be crucified.

It might have been hoped that profanity so shocking would have cured itself, and that we should have had no more of it in our day, either from the pulpit, the forum, or the platform. But a similar spirit of irreverence seems to have broken out afresh, and examples hardly less gross than those which we have cited have been recently exhibited in unexpected quarters. It is somewhat striking, and certainly much to be regretted, that at least two of these examples should have been witnessed on occasions of the eulogies pronounced upon our martyr president, Abraham Lincoln. How could Mr. Bancroft have been betrayed into applying to Mr. Lincoln those words of the apostle which were never before applied to any one but Christ—"The just died for the unjust?" We hope it is not too late for him to revise the passage for the pamphlet edition of his eulogy, and to omit altogether a quotation which is so offensive to every religious heart. But Mr. Sumner's eulogy on President Lincoln was hardly less offensive in this respect. In the printed copy of that eulogy we find in capital letters the words of one of the prophets which have always been interpreted as the prefiguration of the Saviour—"I will make a man more precious than fine gold, even a man, than the

golden wedge of Ophir"—applied to that grand regeneration of the negro which Mr. Sumner anticipates as the result of emancipation!

Nor is this the most recent instance of Mr. Sumner's employment of the most solemn Scripture language to the enforcement and illustration of his favorite negro theories. When was anything heard, either in high places or in low places, more revolting to every Christian soul than the language of this senator, in pleading the cause of negro suffrage, when he appealed to the Senate "not to copy the example of Pontius Pilate, who surrendered the Saviour of the world, in whom he found no fault at all, to be scourged and crucified, while he set at large Barabbas, of whom the gospel says, in simple words, 'Now Barabbas was a robber'!" Or take the passage in the version of the senator from Maine, in his brilliant reply to Mr. Sumner:

"Did the House of Representatives (said Mr. Fessenden), in passing this amendment, as charged by the senator from Massachusetts, place themselves in the situation of Pontius Pilate, with the negro for the Saviour of the world, and the people of the United States for Barabbas? Why, sir, I expected him to go further, and in the next breath to say that what with the Constitution of the United States and the constitutions of the states, the negro had been crucified between two thieves, and that now, by this proposed amendment, the stone had been rolled away from the door of the sepulcher, and he had ascended to sit on the throne of the Almighty and judge the world. One assertion would have been in as good taste as the other."

We may regret that Mr. Fessenden thought it necessary to repeat and amplify the blasphemous allusion which he so justly rebuked. But perhaps it is as well that public attention should be forcibly called to such profanity in high places, and that those who indulge in it should be seasonably warned of its true character. Mr. Fessenden's paraphrase may have answered this purpose if no other. Meantime we trust this will be the last of such violations of propriety at the capitol, and that the language which has been applied by prophets and apostles to the Saviour of the world, and to him alone, will not lightly be employed either to prefigure the future glory of the negro, or even to illustrate the services of a lamented chief magistrate. The great sacrifice of redemption which the Christian world are at this moment preparing by the solemn services of Lent to commemorate anew, stands alone on the page of history. It must ever stand alone. There is nothing similar or second to it—nothing within the whole range of human observation or experience which can be ever so distantly compared with it. The simple story of that sacrifice, full of sublimity and full of pathos, will touch and thrill every devout soul till the end of time, and the language in which it has come down to us from holy men of old is too sacred to be flippantly quoted for any poor purpose of rhetorical embellishment or effect.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

THE recent declaration of Napoleon of his purpose to withdraw, in course of time, the French troops from Mexico, furnishes an additional claim upon our government for ceasing its opposition to the Mexican Empire. How soon this purpose is to be executed the Emperor does not state, but the terms in which it is announced indicate that it will be carried into effect just as soon as there shall be a fair prospect of Maximilian being able to maintain himself without extraneous assistance. Time, however, is comparatively of small account in the matter; it is enough that the suspicion that France designed to make a French colony of Mexico is dispelled.

A few weeks since it was urged in these columns that all opposition to Maximilian should be withdrawn. The letters which we have since received convince us that the views then advanced commend themselves to the judgment of the better class of the community. So great has been the importance attached to the popular notion of the so-called Monroe doctrine that no candidate for public favor has dared to tell the truth in regard to the matter. We believe that, with the exception of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Anderson, of Ohio, not a single man of note has dared to utter a word openly not in perfect accord with the popular delusion. On the contrary, there have been those (to whom we looked for better things) who, in addressing public assemblies, have wrung applause from their audiences by

muttering dark hints of what the great American people might do with Maximilian at some future day. It were hard to say in such instances as these who were the more reprehensible—the orators for saying what they do not believe, or the auditors for indorsing what they do not comprehend. Even Mr. Bancroft, in his oration at Washington last week, committed the same fault and received the same cheap reward that is doled out to stump speakers, *i. e.*, applause.

As has been urged before in these columns, it is for the interest of the United States to have a stable government in Mexico. The men who represent the so-called liberal interest are, so far as can be ascertained, the least trustworthy class of the population. They include the brigands, the thieves, and the cut-throats of the country. They have always been foremost in revolutions because they thrive only in a disordered state of society. On the other hand, the supporters of the new empire appear to embrace the better portion of the people and all those who prefer order to chaos, and settled government to the rule of a mob. These latter are the men whom we should encourage in preference to the former. We need the trade with Mexico, which, by proper management, is sure to fall into our hands as soon as affairs in that country are settled. We need the field for American enterprise which that country will afford when it possesses a stable government. Already there is more of order in Mexico than there ever was while it was a republic. It never was a republic except in name, unless anarchy be a synonym for republicanism, which, surely, no sane man will declare.

When Congress shall have disposed of the question of restoring the Union, it is to be hoped that it will pay some attention to the Mexican question. It will ill become that body to pass it by with a supererogatory indorsement of what passes as the Monroe doctrine, but rather should it examine the matter with all possible care. Let men and papers be sent for and an honest inquiry be instituted into the facts of the case. If after a careful examination it be found that, as we believe, the true policy of the government is to refrain from all opposition, direct or indirect, to Maximilian, let Congress say so outright, no matter what the voters of Buncombe may say; and if, on the other hand, it be found that the true interests of the United States require the ejection of Maximilian from this continent, let it be done *vi et armis*. Let us have one thing or the other in place of what we have had and are now having. Mexico, sooner or later, will be absorbed by the United States, and the best policy for us is to adopt such measures as will best and soonest fit it for this absorption.

PITY THE PUBLISHERS.

ONCE more the publishers are answering to the whip of the auctioneer. The daily journals tell us that the spring trade-sales are about to commence, and that the publishers are entering large invoices. We are also told that the auctioneer troupe has been enlarged, and that the coming sales will be held under unusually propitious circumstances. Puffs and advertisements announce the facts from leading papers, and, in many ways, the publishers and the public are quietly led to believe that the trade-sales are for their benefit. Those who do not accept the proffered place in the catalogue of the enterprising auctioneers are supposed to be oblivious to their own best interests. And so the whip cracks, and the publishers are filed in as in years past to an injurious and antiquated custom.

We had hoped that the end of these things had been reached. With the close of the war and the reviving of the publishing interest, we believed that the trade-sales would be abandoned as unworthy the patronage of business men of the present day. But the tyranny of practice seems to be too strong, and once again old houses and reputable consent to be "catalogued," as though unable to manage their own affairs in their own way. We cannot regret too much that American publishers should be so far behind other branches of business, and so persistent in clinging to a fossil habit. That it is prejudicial to their best interests we most firmly believe, and we know that not a few of the publishers understand it so themselves. Several gave assurances at the last autumnal sales that on no account would they enter

the sales again. But the auctioneer seems to have it all his own way, and the forced sales, fictitious values, and deceitful reputations are to be renewed.

There are several reasons which lead publishers to offer their stock under the hammer. One is that it is a cheap advertisement of old issues. Another reason is that small dealers, who have but few business connections, can dispose of books which they could find but a poor market for in other ways. The large dealers, however, consent to offer invoices lest the issues of other dealers shall supplant their own. They are afraid of each other, and afraid of the auctioneer. If they ignore the list the general sale of their publications may be injured. They know very well that, by conceding the amount of the commissions which they are compelled to pay at the sales, they could secure orders to almost any extent. But they prefer to succumb to the auctioneer and to his ancient custom, which is so pleasing to the small dealers, lest they may somehow lose prestige. And so they sacrifice at once their independence and their own business interests.

We have conversed with many publishers upon this subject, and are fully satisfied of the tyranny which the trade-sales exert. They have become a nuisance, and a nuisance that ought to be abated. Of course, the daily papers will not say so lest they lose advertising patronage. The only ones to act in the matter are the publishers themselves. They should take hold of the matter with perfect fearlessness, and abolish for ever a custom so odorous of the days when book publishing in this country was in its infancy. It will take but a little determination to do it. The spirit of progress and reform which inspires almost every other department of business would soon place the publishers on a higher footing. They have done all that could be done to elevate the art of book-making in this country, and for this they are now reaping munificent rewards. But they have one drag which is unaccountable, and that is the trade-sales.

It is not enough that one or two spirited dealers should withdraw from the sales. In this way it is quite likely that individuals may suffer temporary loss. But there should be concerted action. A feeling of contempt for so unbusinesslike a custom should actuate the trade. Let the word go round and the thing may die so easily that none will care to remember that it ever existed. Let the country dealers buy of the publishers themselves. Their catalogues are circulated broadcast over the land, their trade prices are known, expresses can reach every part of the country—why this waste in commissions simply to feather the pocket of the auctioneer? Until this question is answered by the doing away of the system, we shall say and keep saying, "Pity the publishers!"

THE President's message to the Senate vetoing the "Freedmen's Bureau bill," aside from its intrinsic importance as a state paper, is of special significance as marking the first step of the Executive not in full accord with the majority of both houses of Congress. It was becoming of the Senate to postpone its consideration as it did; so warm are the feelings of the friends of the bill that it could not have been deliberated upon with that calmness which the subject deserves had it been discussed immediately after the reading of the veto message. This action, due chiefly to the efforts of Senators Lane, of Kansas, and Sherman, of Ohio, was a decorous response to the words used by President Johnson at the close of his paper:

"I return the bill to the Senate in the earnest hope that a measure involving questions and interests so important to the country will not become a law unless, upon deliberate consideration by the people, it shall receive the sanction of an enlightened public judgment."

It is gratifying to notice, too, that the leading journals which urged the passage of the bill, and frankly avow that they disagree with the opinion of the President, manifest a disposition to approach the subject with the temper befitting its importance. Differences of judgment there will always be in a republic, but we hope the time is not distant when discussions of grave public questions involving such great interests as does this "Freedmen's Bureau bill" will be unmarred by the party prejudices and partisan rancor which have too often attached to them in times past.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

SHELDON & COMPANY.

SMITH SHELDON, the senior partner of this firm, was born in 1811 at Charleston, Montgomery Co., N. Y. His father, Alexander Sheldon, was a well-known physician, who had come into that section of New York state, from Connecticut, about the year 1790. He was a graduate of Yale College, a man of much force of character, was a judge of probate, one of the regents of the university of the state, and took an active part in politics, being a member of the lower branch of the legislature for twelve successive years, during half of which period he was speaker of that body, and an intimate friend of Governor Tompkins. Smith Sheldon, his son, entered upon a mercantile life, and after a successful career of seventeen years in the dry-goods line, in Albany, N. Y., retired from business with a competency, and with no thought or desire of again burdening himself with those cares and responsibilities which are known only to men of business.

In 1854, however, he was induced by the repeated solicitations of prominent Baptists to come to this city with the purpose of organizing "a publishing house which, while liberal and unrestricted in its general features, might be considered as the representative book-establishment of that denomination. Their united preferences indicated Mr. Sheldon as the one who, from his tact and business energy, and his extensive acquaintance with the denomination throughout the country (he being officially connected with nearly all the Baptist religious, benevolent, and literary institutions), seemed to be the best fitted to undertake so important an enterprise. Yielding, therefore, to the urgency of his denominational friends rather than to his own preferences, he took the initial step in his new vocation by purchasing the interest of Mr. Law in the firm of Lamport, Blakeman & Law, who eight months before had purchased from Cornish, Lamport & Co., successors of the old firm of Nafis & Cornish.

The firm of Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman was organized in the spring of 1854, and removed from 8 Park Place to 115 Nassau Street. Shortly after, they bought out the firm of Lewis Colby & Co.,* who for several years had been carrying on a successful religious book business at 122 Nassau Street. By thus uniting the (Baptist) religious and theological business and connection of Colby & Co. with the school-book and miscellaneous business of Lamport, Blakeman & Law the new firm entered at once upon a largely increased publishing business.

The publication of Spurgeon's "Sermons," which met with a wonderful success, far exceeding his home reputation in Great Britain; Olshausen's "Commentaries," of which they have sold some sixty thousand volumes; and the "New York Pulpit," which was issued during the great revival of 1858, following the panic of 1857, gave name and a determining influence to the future career of the house.

In the spring of 1856 Mr. Lamport retired from the firm, and Mr. Ezekiah Shailer and Mr. Melancthon M. Hurd were received as partners therein. Mr. Shailer, a native of Haddam, Conn., was born in 1816, graduated at Brown University, in 1846, with high honors, was for six years the principal of the high school at Brookline, Mass., and then came to New York, where, in 1853, he entered into partnership with Mr. Lewis Colby. When the latter sold out, Mr. Shailer remained in the employ of the purchasing firm, of which he now became a member. The firm style was now that of Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., and, in the spring of 1858, Mr. Isaac E. Sheldon (son or the senior partner), who had graduated during the previous summer from Rochester University, was admitted as a partner. The following year Mr. Blakeman withdrew from the firm, and, with Mr. Albert Mason, a clerk in the establishment, formed a new firm of Blakeman & Mason. In 1862 Sheldon & Co.

* Lewis Colby was a retired clergyman, who commenced business in a small way, in 1844, and by his good management accumulated a very handsome little property before he sold out. His list at that time comprised about fifty works, embracing those of Dr. Williams, Dr. Pharellus Church, Dr. Dowling, Mrs. Judson, and Mrs. Conant. The "Co." was Mr. Edward H. Fletcher, who received his book-education in the Boston house of Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, and commenced business with Mr. Colby. In 1845, however, the partnership was dissolved, Mr. Fletcher removing to 141 Nassau Street, and from thence, in May, 1854, to the buildings on the site of the old Bible House, still continuing in the Baptist line publications.

removed to 335 Broadway, and in 1864 Mr. Hurd retired and formed a partnership with Mr. Houghton, the well-known "Riverside Press" printer of Cambridge, Mass. In 1865 they removed to their present location, 498 Broadway.

At the beginning of the war of the rebellion, in 1861, the house of Pratt, Oakley & Co., 21 Murray Street, which was very extensively engaged in the school-book publishing, and whose business was mainly with the South, was obliged to succumb. Their large and valuable list, comprising some of the best and most successful text-books ever written, passed into the hands of Sheldon & Co., who are now the exclusive publishers of the same. When we mention that these publications embrace Dr. Bullions's series of Latin and Greek text-books, Prof. Hooker's school physiologies, Olney's geographies, Comstock's scientific series, and Profs. Dodd's, Enos's, Benedict's, and Whitlock's mathematical works, it will be seen that they formed a valuable and powerful addition to Sheldon & Co.'s catalogue. Subsequently, also, they purchased a number of works published by the firm of Derby & Jackson.

In fact, the character of their publications has exhibited a constant improvement both of literary value and mechanical execution, until their list embraces many of the best standard works in our language, issued in a superior style of elegance. Of this we may instance such examples as their beautiful edition of Macaulay's "Essays," in six volumes, with an introduction by Mr. E. P. Whipple—the first American edition of that author which was ever worthy of being placed upon the shelves of a gentleman's library; Milman's "Latin Christianity," in eight volumes crown octavo, the mechanical execution of which is so elegant that the author pronounced it unsurpassed by the best productions of the English press; Everett's "Life of Washington," of which 10,000 copies were sold within the first six months; and the theological works of the late Dr. Bethune. They also publish Neander's "Commentary," and have recently brought out a new edition of Neander's "Planting and Training of the Christian Church," revised by Dr. Robinson; Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines," with copious notes by Rev. Dr. Henry B. Smith; "The Annotated Paragraph Bible;" the Hon. George P. Marsh's "Dictionary of English Etymology;" and Gen. Scott's "Autobiography."

In the department of fiction, their list includes the works of "Marion Harland" (Mrs. Terhune), one of the best and perhaps the most popular female author which this country has yet produced. Her "Alone" was originally published by a Richmond publisher, who made a good thing of it; it then passed into the hands of Derby & Jackson, of this city, who published, also, some of her subsequent works (paying her in one six months' time about \$4,700 copyright), and finally the plates were purchased by Sheldon & Co., who have since published her "Miriam," "Husks," and "Husbands and Homes." "Alone," it is believed, has sold to over 60,000 copies; and the first editions of any of her books now sell on an average from 15,000 to 25,000 copies—outselling even the works of Dickens. Sheldon & Co. have also issued a volume by Caroline Chesebro, and have recently issued a new work entitled "Esperance," by Mrs. M. W. Lawrence, the author of the very successful novel, "Light on the Dark River." Mrs. Ford's "Grace Truman," issued some three years ago, has sold up to the present time over 35,000 copies.

In juvenile literature this house ranks with the largest and most successful publishers in the country. Their series comprises the old but ever popular and very salable "Rollo Books," by that prince of writers for the young, Jacob Abbott (and of which over 140,000 have been sold), as well as a handsome series of "American Histories" by the same author; the works of that children's favorite, "Aunt Fanny," Peter Parley; J. T. Trowbridge (Father Brighthopes); Mrs. E. Stuart Phelps, and numerous others equally popular. Indeed, their stock of juveniles includes every variety, from the elegantly illustrated and well-bound juvenile for youth to the A, B, C primer or childhood—numbering over two hundred distinct titles—to say nothing of their large collection of imported children's books.

Of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's works, now number-

ing ten volumes in all, of which they have been from the first the sole American publishers, there have been sold in this country over 300,000 copies, and they now have in press a new volume by him, entitled "Morning by Morning; or, Daily Bible Readings." We have seen a recent and characteristic letter from Mr. Spurgeon, bearing the strongest evidence that he is as well pleased with his American publishers as they have reason to be with him, and promising them another new book in due season. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that this earnest preacher, in addition to raising the means by which he has been enabled to erect a church in London that seats comfortably 5,000 people, and where he preaches six or seven times a week to the largest regular congregation in the world, also maintains at his own expense a theological seminary, where he is training from ninety to one hundred young men for the ministry, giving them board and tuition free. In the letter above referred to he says: "Whatever I get from you goes to the Lord's cause. . . . I have ninety-six men to board, lodge, and educate, and a remittance will be a god-send to this object and to other matters for which my purse is too scanty to yield aid."

We have already referred to Pratt, Oakley & Co.'s series of school-books, as having been purchased by Sheldon & Co., and we may here allude again to the educational department as one of the most important upon Sheldon & Co.'s catalogue. In addition to those before noticed we may mention Prof. Stoddard's mathematical series, numbering seventeen different works; Wayland's "Intellectual Philosophy;" Thomson's "Laws of Thought," now used in most of our colleges as a text-book; Keetel's "New Method of Learning French;" Whately's "Logic and Rhetoric;" and Brocklesby's "Astronomy," etc., etc.

In their very extensive miscellaneous list we can only allude to a few of the most prominent authors represented—names which rank foremost in our American literature: Dr. Wayland, Dr. Fuller, Dr. Kendrick, Dr. Prime, Dr. Thompson, Everett, Fish, Hiccox, Dowling, Beecher, etc., etc. Among the English and foreign authors are such as Macaulay, Milman, Monod, Tholuck, and Müller. The life of Mrs. Emily C. Judson (Fanny Forrester) sold, during the first eight or nine months succeeding its issue, some 11,000 copies—its whole sale having amounted to near 15,000.

In their mechanical execution the publications of Sheldon & Co. are always neat and substantial, and, in many cases, remarkably elegant. In proof of this we need only instance their edition of Milman's "Latin Christianity," Macaulay's "Essays," and the very beautiful edition of Dickens's works gotten up at the "Riverside Press," and which, proving too heavy at the start for one or two other publishing houses, was finally taken up and carried on by them to completion at an enormous outlay and with great success.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, February 20, 1866.

THE "North American Review" opens the year with a number as fully representative as needs be of the great political, educational, and industrial questions of the hour; but it is only of the leading paper, on "The Conditions of Art in America," that I intend now to say a word. The writer of it, Mr. Russell Sturgis, Jr., is a gentleman of culture, wealth, and European connections—all of them conditions to remove the barriers that separate so many Americans from the closest communion with the art sentiment of the old world—and, as such, he is not an unfair representative of a class among us of which much is expected to advance the practice of art in our community. It would be no difficult matter for a Bostonian to name many such of our numbers, but until a connoisseur seeks publicity in print it were certainly unhandsome to disturb his privacy. There is one other, however, who has been prominent in the discussion of these matters, and of whom it can in no wise be indelicate to make mention. I allude to Mr. James Jackson Jarves, who has been before the public as an art critic for ten years or more, and who, despite some errors, has not been wholly without service, I think, in indicating the popular sense. Mr. Sturgis has never yet, to my knowledge, satisfied the demands of Job for his enemies. The present paper puts him very nearly beside Mr. Jarves in his

views and feelings; indeed, his whole paper, with some few traits excepted, is not unlike what would be a lawyer's digest of the case, as furnished in evidence by Mr. Jarves in his last volume, "The Art-Idea."

A decade ago, when Mr. Stillman was heartily at work in "The Crayon," making professions and enemies at much the same time, and giving honest and emphatic opinions, if not always tempered with the best of practical sense, and doing much to gather into focus all the scintillating feeling that had grown out of the earliest revelations of Ruskin, Mr. Jarves published his "Art Hints." The volume was a notable one, coming at a time when the eloquent Oxford graduate was sweeping a wide swath among old prejudices; and here was a man independent enough to do something for himself, to run counter in some respect to the prevailing drift, to dare tell the American public some truths they needed to know, and this latter disposition had not a little to do doubtless with the kind, and in some degree eulogistic, reception which his volume got from the cautious London weeklies. He was not without a good word from some discriminating quarters among us here. The "North American" ranked him next to Ruskin; the "Christian Examiner" was commendatory. But in the "Crayon" he got a different reception. Mr. Stillman saw in the book much to condemn; indeed, he found little to approve. It ran counter to all the ideas he was striving to enunciate in his journal. Mr. Jarves in his later volume answers in this wise to the points of his critic: "There is a set of men among us who talk loftily of the independent, indigenous growth of American art; of its freedom of obligation to the rest of the world; of its inborn capacity to originate, invent, create, and make anew; of the spoiling of those minds whose instincts prompt them to study art where it is best understood and most worthily followed. Perhaps so! This sort of art-know-nothingism is as impracticable and as contrary to our national life as its foolish political brother, which perished still-born. For some time to come Europe must do for us what we are in too much hurry to do for ourselves. To get artistic riches by virtue of assimilated examples, knowledge, and ideas drawn from all sources, and made national and homogeneous by a solidarity of our own, is our right pathway to consummate art." The "Crayon's" criticism was that of a self-relying man, urged by not a little pugnacity, as its enemies thought, and by devotion to truth and the highest instincts, as its friends maintained. Its belief in the thorough efficiency of simple mental evolutions, and of the uselessness or worse than uselessness of a European training or experience for the American artist, was but a reaction from the academic routine carried impetuously to the other extreme. Nearly twenty-five years ago Horatio Greenough had made a public onslaught on the academic system, and, auguring a futurity of fame for American art, had thought he discovered a genial assistance in our peculiar native life which would in the end work out the problem far more satisfactorily than any hot-bed culture. This was doubtless true enough in a partial sense; but in Mr. Stillman the idea culminated to the exclusion of other considerations. In the mere matter of practical fact I think Mr. Stillman wrong and Mr. Jarves right. We might, shut out from the world, evolve in time an indigenous art of value; but it was not possible to be shut out. The world is growing more and more cosmopolite every day, and it is a backward aim to thwart, or hope to thwart, the "manifest destiny." Accepting, then, the situation, Mr. Jarves said that it is a shorter way to art-development—this eclectic way—drawing what we can from the old stores and assimilating it; and as haste is a characteristic of the time, it is the inevitable way, and, since we cannot prevent, let us regulate it, and designate the good from the bad in the models. This view has, I think, so far triumphed, and it needs must. There is less of the criticism Mr. Stillman exemplified now than when he wrote. With the increase of the cultured class among us, coming every day more apparent from the accumulation of wealth in families, and the discovery with each succeeding generation, from the accumulation of this wealth, of members of them whom a competency has withdrawn from active amassment of means, with time and education prompting esthetical training—with this new development of our American social system must necessarily come the patronage and amateur abatement of an eclectic art. We have in Mr. Sturgis's essay just the opinions to grow out of it. He makes the highest tribunal, whose duty it is in the future to evoke and decide upon artistic merit, consist of those who to native insight add a European culture, a social training, and a familiarity with all the great achievements of the intellect in times past. These are the things, he says, that can alone produce such critics as can regulate and evoke the real art nature of our national mind; and through them

as well as directly, educate the popular mind to meet such artistic merit with intelligent sympathy. This is also just Mr. Jarves' position. They both see in the same causes the depression and inferiority we have labored under, and both look forward with the same grounds of hope for a better future. Both are well satisfied we have never produced much, if any, art that is really good in the highest meaning of that expletive. One of the good reasons for it they find, and very properly, in our feeble and utterly unmeaning criticism, as currently pronounced. Mr. Jarves compliments THE ROUND TABLE by declaring that before its establishment there was scarcely a newspaper or journal in America sufficiently independent to admit a free discussion of artists and art. Mr. Sturgis thinks that the era of indiscriminate praise has passed—I wonder if he reads certain evening dailies here and of your city?—and that we are now in the furor of "slashing" criticism, a second stage of advancement which it is a comfort to know we have reached. I trust Mr. Sturgis himself was thoroughly versed in the not-easily-mastered study of anatomy before he ventured to give his *ex cathedra* opinions on the "considerable knowledge of anatomy" in Mr. Ward's "Freedman," and the "proximate truth of anatomical forms" in the work of Powers. There are matters that no mere connoisseurship, however patent in judgment of composition and color, ought to venture upon unlearned and untested. It is the very essence of "slashing" criticism to do so, and one of his tribunalistic grade does not, it is to be hoped, stand self-convicted. I remember Michael Angelo spent twelve years acquiring his knowledge of anatomy. It is not a thing to be flip-pant over.

In the reviewer's eye, our art only rises above mediocrity—the evil genius of our nationality, he calls it rather hastily, if applied to all our manifestations of a national import—when it attains mere cleverness, which is independent of popular sympathy, while truly great art never can be. This is a proposition, it seems to me, of mixed truth and falsity; and I very much doubt if it be possible to evoke other than *clever* art, if that is the designation for it, in the coming stages of the world's history. I might give it another expletive, but it would only stand for the same thing that he understands by "clever." The truth is, art can never hold the same relation to the people that it did when these works were produced whose remnants are now priceless in the galleries of Europe. Never until the bounds of human learning begin to contract, instead of ever widening, can we expect to see the masses, in the end, in sympathy with a language of pictures rather than of words. When Ruskin enunciates that drawing is the first in importance of all theories, he is simply beside himself. Were it a truth, as it doubtless was to a large degree at the time of creation of the great treasures of the old world art-galleries, then we might have Mr. Sturgis's conditions for something more than *clever* art; but take literature, as it is now understood, in an expansive sense that the Greeks had no conception of; and science, which has grown in a half century beyond the development of cycles in the olden time; and until they are blotted from man's record, I fear we must content ourselves with what our reviewer calls "*clever*" art, and it is a designation that, for myself, I would not apply with the slightest tinge of derogation.

But I would not be led into any extended discussion of these points. Both Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Jarves have taken fearless positions, and therefore have done themselves credit. They are wary to mark the "note of provinciality," as Matthew Arnold calls the backsliding of a scrupulous artistic sense; and in telling provoking truths irrespective of favor or disfavor, they each deserve credit, even when falling into error. Let me add a brief extract from a notice of Mr. Ruskin's recent lectures, in this same number, as showing further the views of the "North American" on our present intellectual condition: "It seems to Mr. Ruskin, as it seems to every thinker of our time, that the desire for amusement is becoming the controlling desire of the people, especially of the upper classes; that the disregardful spirit which we all know the present generation shows towards art it also shows in a less but in an increasing degree towards literature, and indeed toward every manifestation of intellectual and moral life; and that the persistent rejection of thought, and of subjects of occupation requiring thought, is fast depriving people of the power of thought." Whatever we may think of such enunciations, there are honest people who deliberately hold them.

Among the books of the week is a reprint of an English novel, "Simplicity and Fascination," by Loring, written by Anne Beale; and the publisher, in announcing it as a counterpart, as a tale of the English gentry, to "Pique: a Tale of the English Aristocracy," states that the latter novel has reached with him a thirteenth edi-

tion. Mr. Loring says he was induced to reprint it because of the great interest an English copy in his circulating library created. It deals chiefly with the country-life of England, and, from the hurried glance that I have only been able to give it as yet, I should judge it did not belong to the "sensational" class. Little, Brown & Co. have issued the fourth volume of their new "Burke's Writings." I have already written of the unwonted accuracy of its text. It is reported that early copies of some of the papers with Burke's own corrections have fallen into Mr. Nichols's hands, who has also fallen upon some new facts, I believe, pertaining to that one of Burke's pamphlets which he thought was surreptitiously printed. Their issue of Grimm's "Michael Angelo" has passed to a third edition.

Walker, Fuller & Co. have issued two more volumes of their version (by Mrs. Booth) of Martin's "History of France," being the concluding section (1715-1789), and another volume of Mr. Thayer's "Youth's History of the Rebellion."

Mr. W. V. Spencer intends to issue "Essays, Philosophical and Theological, by James Martineau," professor in Manchester College, London. Mr. Martineau had long been known as a writer, both in his already published books and in the British reviews, for his efforts, as the prospectus says, "to detach religion from its historical accidents and accretions, and to defend its essential elements from the destructive assaults and tendencies of the positivist and critical schools." Persons acquainted with controversial theology will know what this means, and for them, as well as for all inquirers, a permanent shape for his stray articles will be welcome. The first volume will come out in April, and others follow.

Little, Brown & Co. will soon put to press "The Philosophy of Wealth: a Manual of Political Economy," by Amasa Walker. Mr. Longfellow is making ready a new uniform edition of his works, in elegant style, done at the University Press, and to be issued by his publishers, Ticknor & Fields. This same house have begun work in good time on some illustrated issues for the next holiday season. Mr. Whittier's new volume, "Snow-bound," sold to the extent of seven thousand copies on the day of its publication.

W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, February 20, 1866.

A THOROUGHLY unintelligible book is rather rare in these publishing days, and, when found, deserves to be kindly treated—as a curiosity of literature. Such a book has just appeared in this city, published by Mr. Howard Challen, and written by Mr. George W. Thompson, who is a judge in Wheeling, West Virginia. It is entitled "Living Forces of the Universe," but whatever ideas it contains are smothered in hard words strangely put together. A single sentence will show what manner of composition has been used in this book. It runs as follows: "When so posited and become objects of meditation, they are subjective, and when its own orgasmic in its animalistic impulsions and psychical psyttations, and its own self-conscious action, on or through these, are subjected to ratiocinative processes—the contemplation or analysis of these direct acts, passions, or affections is the reflex action of the self, which can only occur upon the reproduction of sensation, impulsions, or psyttation as an imagnate, and this through the intervention and use of concepts, opinions, notions, intuitates, and ideates, at every step involving the correlations—the action and re-action of the forces woven into nature and life." There is a sublimity of wordiness in this which boldly arrests the attention. Sensibly did the poet say,

"Your true no meaning puzzles more than wit."

In the publishing business universal dullness reigns. The new books of the past week are the above-named incomprehensible volume, by Judge Thompson; a novel professing to be "founded on fact," entitled "The Coquette; or, The Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton," published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers; and a child's book containing two pretty tales ("The Dove's Nest" and "Benny Averett"), by E. L. Llewellyn, published by Ashmead & Evans, beautifully printed, and illustrated with eight finely-cut wood engravings—two being landscapes and six representing birds—from designs by Edwin Sheppard, who is new to me as a book-illustrator, but who draws birds, flowers, and backgrounds with the truth and grace of Bewick and Harvey. He has been fortunate in his engraver, whose name is not given. Mr. Sheppard is sure to be heard of again, and well.

"The Coquette" is a novel written in letters, in the old fashion, and indeed its style is old-fashioned too, reminding one of Fanny Burney, Maria Regina Roche, and other writers, more talked of than read at present. Its author, Mrs. Foster, was wife of a clergyman in New

England. She died in 1840, and her life is briefly sketched in a "historical preface" to the story, the heroine of which, "Eliza Wharton," is there stated to have been a Miss Elizabeth Whitman. The Hon. Pierpont Edwards, who figures, not creditably, in the tale as "Major Sanford," really was the heroine's second cousin, and son of President Edwards, of Princeton College, and cousin of Aaron Burr. Several real people are put into the book in different characters. He died in 1826, and she in 1788. The singularity of the book is its apparent truth. One knows not whether the narrative is true or false; or, if true, how much of fiction is mixed with it. "The Coquette," I believe, was published some years ago; but a book which is in that condition is sometimes as "good as manuscript," as Coleridge said. Mr. Peterson announces "The Great Van Broek Property," an American story, scene chiefly in Albany, New York, and Brooklyn, by James A. Maitland, formerly connected with a Sunday paper in New York, who wrote several novels seven or eight years ago of more than average merit, of which "Sartaroe," "The Watchman," and "The Wanderer" are best known. He went from New York to Canada some six years ago, but appears to have thence returned to England, of which he was a native. The "Van Broek" story, which is now appearing in a penny weekly magazine published in London, and called the "Leisure Hour," set off with rather superior wood-cuts, has the best opening of any novel I have read for years.

A history of the newspapers of every town, city, and state ought to be undertaken while materials for such a valuable contribution to general knowledge are obtainable. Wherever there is a press club, as in Philadelphia and New York, it would not be difficult, one would think, to have a history of each newspaper written by some person or persons connected with it. There died in Philadelphia, on Thursday, a gentleman who could have become the historian of the city press, had he been so minded. He was a great collector of articles of local history, and had no small experience on the local press himself. This was Mr. Charles A. Poulson, who had nearly completed the age of seventy-seven. From an obituary in the *Evening Bulletin*, written by some one who was master of the facts, the following details are collected: The first daily newspaper published in this country was, *Claypoole's Daily Advertiser*. Its proprietor and editor is said to have been the last lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, through his favorite daughter, Elizabeth, who was born in 1629, married John Claypoole, and died in 1659—a short time before the great Protector was called away. In 1800, Mr. Zachariah Poulson, a gentleman of Danish descent, whose ancestors emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1737, purchased *Claypoole's Daily Advertiser*, and published it for forty years, assisted in the editing by his son, Charles A. Poulson, until it merged into the *United States Gazette*, from which union came the present *North American and United States Gazette*—a daily commercial paper of great respectability—the property of Mr. Morton McMichael, now mayor of Philadelphia. Mr. Poulson's connection with the press broke off when his father's paper was united with the *Gazette*; but his literary tastes remained, and for years past had chiefly found occupation in collecting a fine library, including many volumes, principally upon local men and things, illustrated by Mr. Poulson himself during a period of many years with a wonderful degree of patience and skill. He expended large sums of money in getting together a vast collection of curious documentary and other relics of the history of Philadelphia. In connection with this statement it may be doubted where the Mr. Claypoole above-mentioned—even were he a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell's favorite daughter (her death is believed to have hastened his own), was the last of Oliver's family. Richard Cromwell, Oliver's eldest surviving son, died in 1712, and left no son. Henry had seven children, and his last male descendant and great-grandson, who had been a solicitor, died in 1821, at the age of seventy-nine, at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, where Richard Cromwell, who succeeded Oliver as Lord Protector, but could not retain the office, had died more than a century before, and is buried.

R. S. M.

LONDON.

LONDON, January 31, 1866.

THE ENTREKEIN.

It may not be generally known that Dr. John Brown—he of "Horæ Subversivæ" and "Rab and his Friends"—is the Commodore Rogers of Scotland. Who is Commodore Rogers?

"Commodore Rogers was a man—exceedingly brave—particular; He climbed up very high rocks—exceedingly high—perpendicular; And what made this the more inexpressible, These same rocks were quite inaccessible."

Those of your readers who are familiar with Defoe

may remember a graphic description in his "Memoirs of the Church of Scotland" of that very steep and dangerous mountain, the "Entrekein," when poor Captain Kelte, one of Claverhouse's dragoons, was shot by the Mountaineers and fell down the terrible precipice. To this spot, one of the wildest in Scotland, Dr. Brown has been hieing, and the result is that we are sitting with a small square Edinburgh pamphlet in our hands enjoying, by our snug fireside, a most charming piece of quaint and poetic description. The air of those wild Highlands must be the divine afflatus itself: every one who goes there seems to be transfigured into a poet. With the satisfaction of J. Horner, Esq., I must with my thumb pull out a plum—or several plums—from this Christmas pie, to be laid on THE ROUND TABLE at dessert: "The east side of the Lowthers is an easy ascent, and the effect of this vast expanse, stretching miles in smoothest surface, when covered with new-fallen snow, is said to be wonderful; shapely and rounded like some great recumbent creature, white, radiant, spotless. At this time of the year, as we saw it, covered with thick, short, tawny grass and moss, one unbroken summit of 2,377 feet, it was like the short, close-grained fur of a lioness—the hills lying like her cubs, huddling round their mighty mother. On its summit the counties of Lanark and Dumfries meet, as also three lairds' lands, and here it was the custom up to fifty years ago to bury suicides. Any more solitary and out-of-the-world place could hardly be conceived. The bodies were brought from great distances all around, and, in accordance with the dark superstitions of the time, the unblest corpse was treated with curious indignity—no dressing with grave-clothes, no "striking" of the pitiful limbs; the body was thrust, with the clothes it was found in, into a rude box, not even shaped like a coffin, and hurried away on some old shattered cart or sledge, with ropes for harness. One can imagine the miserable procession as it slunk, often during the night, through the villages and past the farmsteads, every one turning from it as abhorred. Then, arrived at this high and desolate region, the horse was taken out, and the weary burden dragged with pain up to its resting-place, and carried head foremost, as in despite; then a shallow hole dug, and the long, uncouth box pushed in—the cart and harness left to rot as accursed. The white human bones may sometimes be seen among the thick, short grass; and one who was there more than fifty years ago remembers, with a shudder still, coming—when crossing that hill-top—upon a small, outstretched hand, as of one crying from the ground; this one little hand, with its thin fingers held up to heaven, as if in an agony of supplication or despair."

A long and happy step from this truly is Hood's "Take her up tenderly," and the holy fiction by which every coroner's jury brings in the verdict "Suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind," in order that the unmerciful demon that has pursued a poor wretch to the grave shall at least stop there. At Tweedsmuir, Dr. Brown recalls a comical incident of the poet Campbell's life, which occurred there, and which has not, I believe, been told out loud before: "Campbell, the poet, in his young days had walked out thus far, and had got snugly into bed after his tumbler of toddy, when there was a knock at the door. 'Come in,' and behold, with a candle in her hand, stood the pretty maiden who had given him his supper, in her short-gown and petticoat. 'Please, sir, could ye tak' a neebor into your bed?' 'With all my heart,' said the imaginative, susceptible poet, starting gayly up. 'Thank ye, sir, for the Moffat carrier's just come in a' wet, and there's no a single ither place.' Up came the huge and reeking man; exit the dainty little woman." How would Fielding have gloated over such a story as that!

The queer little pamphlet closes with a poem signed "Shillabhair" (*Anglice* Mountaineer), but whether written by Dr. B. or by one who was along with him I cannot tell, entitled "A Cry from Craigellachie"—"written after traveling for the first time to Inverness by the Highland Railway, last August." It seems that the Scottish bards and philosophers have as healthy a horror of the modern improvements which are breaking up their solitudes as your own Thoreau had:

"Dark Glen More and clov'n Glen Feslie,
Loud along these desolate tracts,
Hear the shriek of whistle louder
Than their headlong cataracts.

"Strange to them the train—but stranger
The mixed throng it huddles forth—
Strand and Piccadilly emptied
On the much-enduring North.

"What to them are birk-tree fragrance,
Pine-wood scents, bog-myrtle balm?
What the burns down corries sounding,
Or the solemn mountain calm?"

"Must then pass, quite disappearing
From their glens, the ancient Gael?
In and in must Saxon struggle?
Southron, Cockney, more prevail?"

"Clans long gone, and pibrochs going,
Shall the patriarchal tongue
From these mountains fade for ever,
With its names and memories hung?"

"Oh! you say, it little recketh—
Let the ancient manners go—
Heaven will work through their destroying,
Some end greater than you know!"

"Be it so! But will invention,
With her smooth mechanic arts,
Raise, when gone, the old Highland warriors,
Bring again warm Highland hearts?"

"Nay! what'er of good they herald,
Whereso comes that hideous roar,
The old charm is disenchanted,
The old Highlands are no more.

"Yet, I know, there lie all lonely,
Still to feed thought's loftiest mood,
Countless glens, undescended,
Many an awful solitude.

"If e'en these should fail, I'll get me
To some rock roared round by seas,
There to drink calm nature's freedom,
Till they bridge the Hebrides!"

LITERARY.

As Dr. Norman McLeod—the chaplain and friend of Queen Victoria, editor of the magazine "Good Words," and (so some think) the living Robertson, is now attracting attention here and probably will soon have a transatlantic reputation, it may be interesting to your readers to know what he has written. I give the list of his works, published by Alexander Strahan, of this city, with prices attached; they are: "The Earnest Student, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.;" "The Old Lieutenant and his Son (1b).;" "Parish Papers (1b).;" "The Gold Thread: a Story for the Young, with illustrations, 2s. 6d.;" "Wee Davie, 6d.;" "Eastward, with 70 illustrations from photographs, small 4to, 14s.;" "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish, one vol. post 8vo," is not out yet, but is said to be very clever. It is said that with her last invitation to the doctor, Her Majesty sent an assurance of her sympathy with his views about the Sabbath; but it was promptly denied. "Mehemet the Kurd, and other Tales from Eastern Sources," is the title of a book which is in the press of Bell & Daldy. It is genuinely translated, I am told, from the Arabic, Turkish, and Persian, by Charles Wills, of the Royal Asiatic Society, who some years ago wrote in Turkish "Political Economy." This book is said to have some tales equal to some of the "Arabian Nights."

Farrah has just published a spicy pamphlet on the Colenso controversy with the following title:

THE COLENSO CONTROVERSY: the views of the Kaffirs involved in it. The Missionary meaning at the bottom of it. A reply to Dr. Cumming's "Moses Right, Colenso Wrong." By a London Zulu. Complete, price sixpence.

"He who propagates a delusion, and he who connives at it when already existing, both alike tamper with truth. We must neither LEAD nor LEAVE men to mistake falsehood for truth. Not to undeceive is to deceive."—Archbishop Whately.

The following announcement by Herbert Spencer has created some consternation. "The public," says the *English Leader*, "ought to regret the appearance of such a notice; it is discreditable to philosophy in Britain that there should be necessity for it." It is as follows:

"SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.—Mr Spencer regrets having to announce that, as the circulation of his successive numbers [of this work] is insufficient to save him from loss, he contemplates discontinuing them, and abandoning the further execution of his scheme. He proposes, however, to finish the volume [on principles of biology] at present in progress; though, in consequence partly of the cost of illustrations, this will involve an outlay considerably in excess of the receipts."

The new president of the Royal Astronomical Society (the Rev. Charles Pritchard, A.M.) was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1830, being fourth wrangler. He was formerly head-master of the Clapham Grammar School. The *Record* rejoices in the fact that "he is a clergyman who has come forward, and will come forward, in support of the faith as it is in Jesus whenever it is attacked or gainsayed by neologists, or worse." He is the author of "Vindicte Mosaicæ," publicly (and in print) recommended to the study of his clergy by the Bishop of Winchester during the Colenso controversy. He has, moreover, vindicated the miracle of the Star of the Magi against the reasonings of those who have sought to attribute it to natural causes.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Monsieur Ponsard's new play, a piece of wretched servility to Louis Napoleon—the moral being the same with that urged in the Emperor's speech to America, that the

Second Empire is republicanism in another costume—is thus summed up by a critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"The story of the 'Lion Amoureux' is, in a word, the conquest of a stern young patriot by a pretty marchioness of the old régime. She comes to him to intercede for her father, expecting to see something very like a wolf, and finds only a man—a young man, with a certain rough outer crust of republican austerity, but with a tender, passionate heart beneath. The result can readily be guessed. She carries him in triumph to Madame Tallien's, and the rigid member of the Jacobin club finds himself tamely listening to jeers at popular liberty and treason against the republic, entranced by a pair of bright eyes into which he looks with ecstasy, as he leans towards her, where they sit together on an ottoman. It is not till an incidental remark suggests that the charming marchioness is engaged to an imprisoned aristocrat that Humbert is stirred into a mood in which he is not sorry to quarrel with any one. The pert young gallant, who has been showing off his wit against the Jacobins, hitherto with impunity, is angrily rebuked by the patriot, who breaks into the fervent defense of the Convention which elicited such tumultuous applause. But if Humbert escapes for the moment, he soon yields himself up again to the charmer. Of course her father's safety is secured, and she has next to appeal to the Jacobin for her brother's life. The struggles of the marchioness, who feels she ought to hate the enemy of her order, but yields to the fascination of subduing the wild young 'lion,' and of Humbert, who fears that there may be treason to his country in admitting another passion to his breast—a situation naturally capable of very effective treatment—are told in that regular rhythm and careful rhyme which is supposed in France to be the purest

form of poetry, but which to English ears sounds like a very false gallop of verses, tame, heavy, and monotonous. At the close of the performance, the Emperor, calling the author to his box, congratulated him on the success of his piece, and announced that a pension of 6000 francs had been settled on him. Nor was the gift undeserved. The Second Empire has to be thankful for the faintest gleam of intellect which condescends to shine on it. If M. Ponsard is not much of a poet he is the best Napoleon can get, and at least all his lines begin with capital letters and end with rhymes."

To the same invaluable journal (the *P. M. G.*) I am indebted for some interesting continental gleanings.

The subject chosen by M. E. Hervé for his lectures in the hall of the Rue Scribe, Paris, is the "Political Women of England," beginning with the court of George II. Negotiations are, it is said, taking place between Russia and Prussia for the occupation by the latter state of the island of Formosa. An article on this subject, explaining the anxiety of Russia to obtain an ally in that part of the world, is to appear in the forthcoming number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is attributed by some to Prince de Joinville, and by others to General Mouravieff-Amoursky.

Among the students who were arrested in Paris the other day for getting up a riot in the Quartier Popin court are several contributors to the late students' newspaper, *Candide*, and some of the visitors to the Liège Congress. The day on which the riot took place was the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI.

M. Félicien David, the composer of "Le Desert" and "Lalla Rookh," left Paris on Sunday for Russia. He will stay at St. Petersburg about two months, during which period his principal operas will be performed. The Czar has placed at his disposal the hall in which the nobles hold their assemblies, in which there is room for 4,000 persons.

According to the Neapolitan correspondent of the *Temps*, Queen Victoria has written an autograph letter to the Pope, thanking him for the instructions he had given to his clergy in the Fenian matter. It is further asserted that she had offered him an asylum in her dominions in case he should wish to leave his states for political reasons, and that Mr. Odo Russell was the bearer of this to all appearance very apocryphal message.

A new piece, called "Héloïse Parquet," is being played at the Gymnase. It has a scandalous plot and no particular literary merit, but interest has been excited about it on account of the refusal of the author to disclose his name. One story is that it is written by Dumas fils, another that it was first composed by M. Armand Duranti, but adapted for the stage by Dumas fils. It is suggested that the alterations made by the latter have given rise to the question who should claim the credit of authorship, and that a lawsuit is pending. It will be remembered that the author of "La Dame aux Camélias" lately got into trouble with M. de Girardin under similar circumstances. M. D. C.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES,

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